

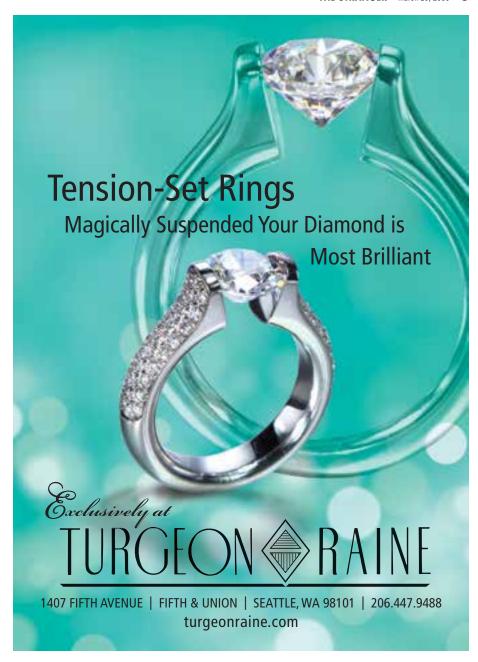
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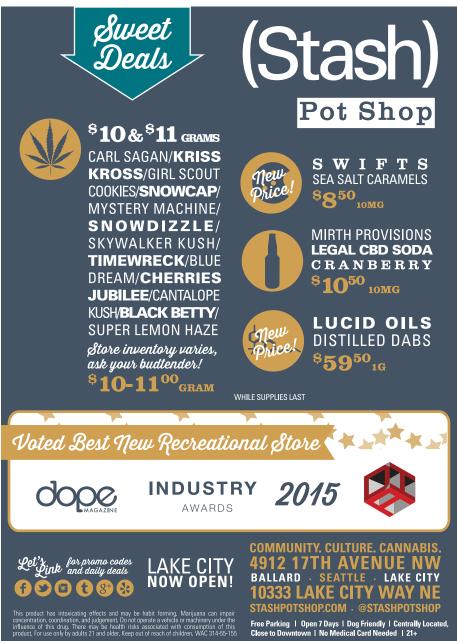
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the Stranger

Volume 25, Issue Number 30 March 23–29, 2016

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THE STRANGER 1535 11th Avenue, Third Floor, Seattle, WA 98122 VOICE (206) 323-7101 FAX (206) 323-7203 SALES FAX (206) 325-4865 HOURS Mon-Fri, 9 am-5:30 pm E-MAIL editor@thestranger.com



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(3/23) Seattle Arts and Lectures: An Evening with Emily St. John Mandel

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(4/4) Emerging Technologies in Health: Luke Timmerman, Leroy Hood, Atul Butte, Carol Dahl, Jacob Corn, Roger Perlmutter Institute for Systems Biology

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MARCH MADNESS

Marathon Continues with Celebrity Sweet 16 Brackets

This Week's Guest:

"I mean, after a first week like the one we saw this year, it's really anybody's tournament. Still, you'd have to be an idiot to go with anyone other than Kansas over Maryland (though that threepointer at the buzzer was OUT of HAND). After that, I'm going out on a limb by saying Villanova takes

Miami, Sooners top Aggies (go

Spengler!), and Duke crushes Oregon. For Friday, I gotta say it's Cavs

over Cyclones in a walk. Sentimen-

tally, I like Wisconsin against Notre

Dame, but there was something about

tells me the Irish still have some fight in

them. Syracuse and Gonzaga, who gives a shit,

that squeaker one-point victory that

Kurt Cobain's Shotgun

right? (Just kidding: Go 'Zags!) And last but not least, the best team in

the NCAA right now (thanks to my man Joel Berry), UNC will trounce

Indiana and go all the way to championship, 'cause the sky is Tar Heel

blue, y'all! First things first, though... can't wait for that Elite Eight!"





THE BRAID This tactile paver strip at light rail stations guides blind people to the ticket vending machines and then down to the platform.

ON THE ESCALATORS AT THE NEW **LIGHT RAIL STATIONS**

We saw you—dozens of you, actually—standing two abreast on the escalators going up and down at the Capitol Hill and University of Washington light rail stations on Saturday morning and afternoon, the first day the stations were open to the public. There you were, immobile, smugly blocking the path of anyone who wanted to ascend or descend levels at a reasonable pace. You were too numerous and oblivious for us to say "Excuse me," so we were left tearing out our goddamn type-A hair

our goddamn type-A insults at your lazy asses as we ascended and descended at a snail's tempo. We get it: This was the opening day, and there were some pretty things to gaze at. But henceforth, if you continue this maddening custom, you will feel the wrath of our goddamn type-A scorn and we will brusquely squeeze by you while barking "EXCUSE ME."

with our goddamn type-A hands and swearing

STARING INTO THE TUNNEL, STRADDLING THE BRAID

We saw you straddling that gray stripe of concrete (or is it granite?) that runs between the tiles in Sound Transit stations and is a different texture than the other flooring. That gray stripe is called "the braid" by officials, and it's a tactile paver strip that guides blind people, walking with canes, to the ticket vending machine, and from there down to the platform. and tells them where to stand to wait for the train. You were obviously not blind, as you were craning your neck to see if you could spot the northbound train coming around the bend in the tunnel. Something you didn't even know you needed for two whole decades had suddenly become very, very important. It seemed to be making you impatient.

SOUND TRANSIT MASCOT MAKES SEXUAL PASS AT BIG BIRD



Also on opening day, at the station right next to Husky Stadium, we saw you, the guy dressed as the Zap Gridlock gladiator, lift the costume tail of the person who was dressed like Big Bird while a mellow jazz trio played nearby. We didn't expect such naughty mascot-onmascot action on U Link launch day.

WOMAN IN FLIP-FLOPS DISEMBARKS AT WESTLAKE

On a rainy, wet, totally gross Monday afternoon, you stepped off of a northbound light rail train at Westlake, wearing only a gray

V-neck T-shirt, floral print shorts, and black flip-flops. Outside, the wind swept chilly air off Puget Sound and blew it into downtown. You didn't even have a raincoat. Girl, were you intentionally taunting the Seattle Gods of Moody Weather? Or were you a millennial Mary Poppins who could stash an umbrella inside your tiny cross-body purse?

BURNING QUESTIONS ON THE NORTHBOUND LINE

During our new Monday morning commute to Capitol Hill via light rail, we shared a train car with you, a 6-year-old boy with an adorable, near toothless grin, for five stops. You were sitting on your uncle's lap, an endless series of questions and demands coming out of your mouth as the murals of Sodo whizzed by. "Tell me again about the toilet place!" you demanded. (Turns out you were talking about sewers.) "What is a fu manchu?" you then asked. We had planned to spend our ride marveling at Seattle's new era of transportation, but instead we found ourselves wanting to know everything that was going on in your magnificent little brain.

WE'RE SMELLING WHAT YOU'RE **SMOKING**

We saw you, a whole light rail car of strangers, headed from the University of Washington Station—going south—on a weekday afternoon. One of you smelled very, very strongly of weed. Maybe you didn't notice. Everyone else in the car noticed. Trust us.

ALREADY PACKED IN THE INTERNATIONAL DISTRICT

We saw so many of you entering the alreadypacked train at International District Station. It was Monday, the first business day for the extended Link. It was just before noon. There were no open seats left in the car. All of you stood in the area between the doors. When they opened at Pioneer Square Station, even more people boarded the car. And the same was true for the next two stops. As we shot through the tunnel between Westlake Station to Capitol Hill Station, as the train swayed and screeched, there was such a din of excited conversation. Indeed, we could not make sense of these exchanges. They were impossible to untangle and discriminate. Too many of you were talking too loudly. This was the joy of the city.

BUSKER ON BEACON HILL

On Saturday night at 8 p.m, we saw you—a vocalist singing an aria and a pianist seated at a baby grand piano—performing in front of the Beacon Hill light rail station, just to the right of the ticket vending machines. It was unclear if you were out there celebrating the newly expanded transit system, but the sounds you made on an otherwise warm night gave us the chills.

AND THEN THEY WERE UPON HER

Sound Transit's new stations have two-sided platforms. Because of this, the Capitol Hill Station allows a person to mill around in a crowd, chat with a group, and do small laps. It also provides increased opportunity for book voveurism. We saw you reading Shirley Jackson's The Lottery while waiting for the northbound train on a Monday afternoon. You had pink hair and headphones on. Was it your first time reading it? Was it for a class? Were the headphones actually playing anything, or were they just there to make sure no one bothered you? How about that ending? ■

I, ANONYMOUS

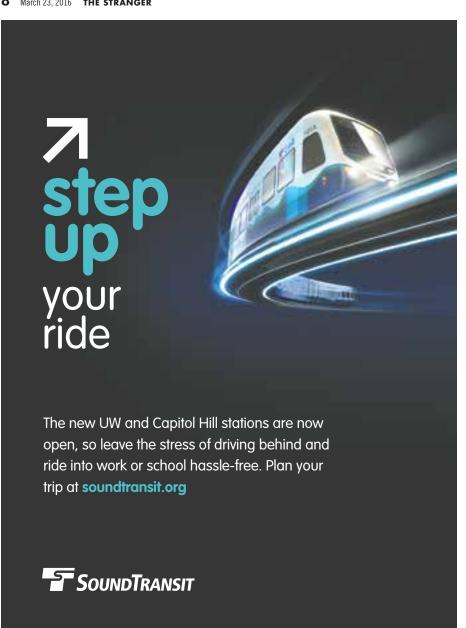
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KSHAMA AS IN KNIGHT

There are lots of people out there still saying KA-shama, and I can't take it anymore. Not just haters and apathetes either, but real-life socialist sympathizers, too. Talkin' about YOUNG EDUCATED PROGRESSIVES, of all people. Seattle is supposed to be some kind of united global literature whatever whatever, and we're acting hella sans culture (that's French) when we say KUH-SHAMA. She's been in these political streets for so long now that I feel weird correcting people. I don't blame them, really, because there is a K and whatnot, and I only know it's silent because Lactively looked it up a few years ago. But can we PLEASE get the word out? It's shameful carrying on this way.

-Anonymous









Seattle's Revolution

Bernie Sanders Takes Seattle's Aggressive Brand of Progressivism National

BY HEIDI GROOVER

e's the first honest candidate I've ever seen," Rachel Hungerford, a 31-year-old Bernie Sanders supporter told me as she stood outside KevArena in the rain on Sunday, March 20. With three hours to go before the presidential candidate was scheduled to speak, Hungerford huddled under a polka-dot umbrella with a friend.

Her reasons are the same reasons you've heard from every Sanders supporter on your Facebook feed and every millennial who makes it into a national story about Sanders. Campaign finance reform. Health care. Bank reform. Student debt. The disappearing middle class. Millennials like Hungerford millennials who've been paying attention to the presidential race—can sing Sanders's praises in their sleep.

But Hungerford had something else to say too, something that resonates more in 2016 Seattle than perhaps anywhere else in America. The Democratic establishment, Hungerford said, is too timid, too willing to compromise. Democrats haven't been "true to their party."

"If you're coming to the table having

already compromised," Hungerford said, "you've already given up."

Seattle is a test case in what happens when an unapologetic left emerges, pushing policies that are attacked as "radical" but actually enjoy wide popular support. Compromise happens in Seattle, but it comes later in the process than for the mainstream Democrats Hungerford is fed up with. Bernie Sanders's campaign is effectively taking the Seattle model national.

Consider: Seattle has given workers paid sick leave and given Uber and Lyft drivers a way to unionize, and is now considering requiring employers to give hourly workers more advance notice of their schedule. The city has also, of course, passed a \$15 minimum wage to be phased in over seven years.

Bernie Sanders told the crowd at Sunday's rally: "We are listening to workers all over this country who are telling us they cannot make it on 9 or 10 bucks an hour, and that is why we have to do nationally what Seattle has already done: raise the minimum wage to 15 bucks an hour. And, Seattle, thank you



BERNIE KNOWS Seattle is a test case in what happens when an unapologetic left emerges.

very much for leading the country in that direction."

The Seattle City Council has recently begun—thanks to pressure from community activists who oppose King County's youth jail—funding work to identify alternatives to incarceration for youth.

Sanders: "What we are gonna do is invest in jobs and education, not jails and incarceration.'

Seattle made marijuana possession police

officers' lowest priority in 2003, nine years before Washington became one of the first two states to legalize recreational marijuana.

Sanders: "Every person here knows that heroin is a killer drug and, while people may debate the pluses and minuses of marijuana, it ain't heroin. That's for sure... States, as you know, have the right to legalize marijuana... But in my view, possession of marijuana should not be a federal crime.'

And last year, on the same ballot where voters sent a socialist back to city hall for ▶





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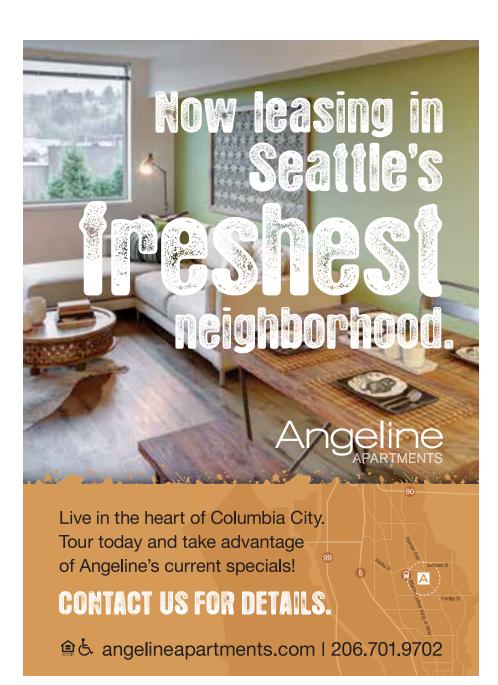
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◀a second term, Seattleites passed a firstof-its-kind public campaign finance system, which will give voters "democracy vouchers' and limit city lobbying.

Sanders: "When we talk about the major crises, number one: Every person in this beau $tiful\ arena\ believes\ passion at ely\ in\ democracy.$ One person, one vote. But as a result of this disastrous Citizens United Supreme Court decision, we now have a campaign-finance system which is corrupt, which is undermining American democracy. And here is promise number one: Together, we are going to overturn Citizens United and we are going to move toward public funding of elections.

This city represents the political ills Sanders rails against, too. It is a wealthy tech metropolis with a homelessness emergency. It's a city in a construction boom facing a housing-affordability crisis. It is the biggest city in a state where mental-health care and public schools go criminally underfunded but voters continue to tolerate the most regressive tax structure in the nation.

It's no wonder, then, that more than 15,000people showed up to Sanders's Seattle event. "I think," Sanders said at KeyArena, "Seattle is ready for a political revolution."

The crowd roared.

ost of the Sanders fans I interviewed outside KeyArena said they'd reluctantly support Clinton if she gets the nomination. But those who refused did so in part because they're tired of compromise on the left.

One 28-year-old wearing a small Guy Fawkes mask pin on his jacket said he would "absolutely not" vote for Clinton and repeatedly called her a "bitch." The man, who told his friend he wasn't planning to tell me his name and then gave his name as "Cody Redblood," decried "lukewarm progressives that get voted in and then they end up really not doing at all what they [said they would do].'

"I think his record speaks volumes for what he's likely to do," Redblood said about Sanders. "And I'm mostly excited for a Sanders administration because I would love to see corporate corruption be dismantled and people called out, jailed, the money being fucking allocated to proper places.'

"Break up the big banks," his friend, Michael Welsh, 25, chimed in.

"Yeah, I'm definitely ready for that," Redblood said.

When a presidential candidate comes to town, and people line up to see them, reporters typically put this question to people waiting outside the venue: "Can you tell me

This city represents the ills Sanders rails against, too. It is a wealthy tech metropolis with a homelessness emergency.

why you're out here today?" The question assumes the candidate means something to this place. But in Sanders's case, this place clearly means something to the candidate.

"Washington State has been pushing the leftist agenda more than any other state right now," said Hayley Sherman, a 25-yearold middle-school teacher standing in line to see Sanders. "We're pushing a progressive agenda more so than any other state.'

Even if Sanders fails to get the nomination, his supporters are hoping his success will pull Clinton left. If they're right, hers will become a more Seattle brand of progres-

Washington's Democratic Caucuses Are This Weekend

Why Are Democrats Still Using This Outdated Process?

BY HEIDI GROOVER

emocrats across Washington State will file into their local caucus locations on March 26, argue with their neighbors, and allocate delegates to Bernie Sanders and Hillary Clinton. Washington is expected to go for Sanders—but his chances at the nomination are dwindling. Clinton led Sanders at press time with 1,163 delegates to his 844 (not counting superdelegates, who can support either candidate). The rest of the country looks less primed for the revolution than deep-blue Seattle.

But even if Sanders is successful here. the process is antithetical to his radically democratic brand. Caucuses require voters to show up in person and reveal their political leanings to their neighbors at 10 a.m. on

Find your caucus location at wa-democrats.org.

a Saturday. They draw a lower turnout and shut out people turned off by insider party politics. While voters with work or religious obligations can cast surrogate ballots, the process will inevitably disenfranchise some.

Yet, Democrats in Washington show no sign of changing their system.

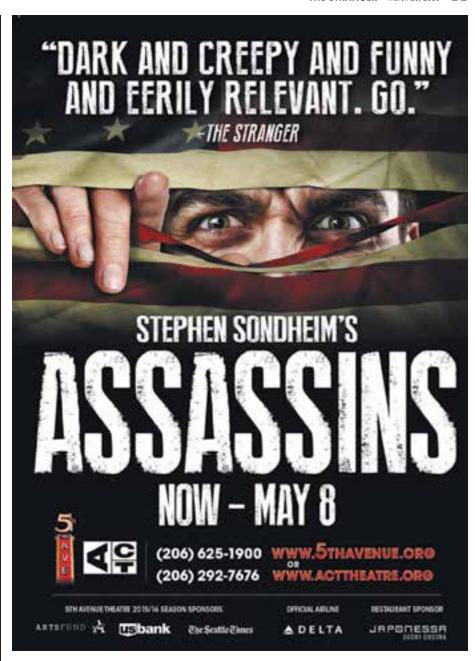
Jamal Raad, a spokesperson for the Washington State Democrats, defends the party's "rich history of using the caucus process." He says the party's 176-member central committee voted overwhelmingly last year to keep the caucuses. Raad says nearly 70,000 people have already signed up for this year's caucus, many of them ages 18 to 34. (Find your caucus location at wa-democrats.org.)

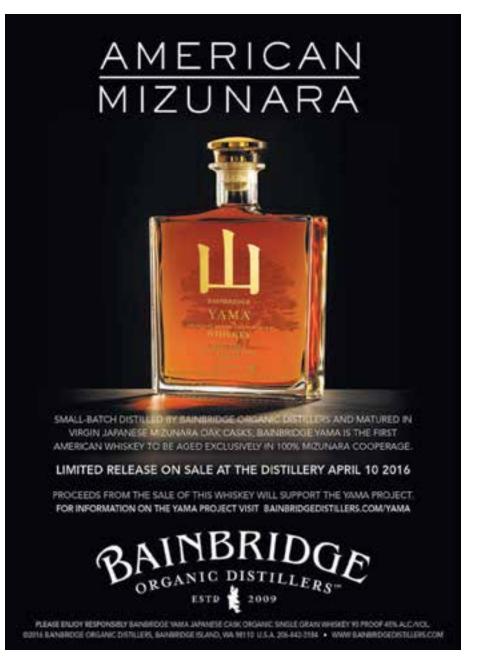
"I think of this as a block party," Raad says. "This is your neighbors coming together and meeting on who should be the next president."

One undeniable benefit of the caucuses is their role as an organizing tool. Saturday's caucuses are likely to have signature gatherers for initiatives on the minimum wage, sick time, and new gun protection orders as well as representatives from various campaigns. Even if the national electorate looks resistant to Seattle's brand of progressivism, other races can still be won.

As they were rallying the crowd before Sanders spoke on Sunday, state senator Pramila Jayapal—a socialist-leaning Democrat running for Jim McDermott's seat in Con--and freshman state representative Noel Frame used their time to draw attention to progressive candidates running for state and local offices.

"Every single issue that's inspired you to be here today for Bernie Sanders is playing out right now in this city and in this state," Frame said, citing income inequality, regressive taxes, and the fight against transphobic bathroom bills. "We need you to elect Bernie Sanders president, but we really need you right here at home to help us take back our state legislature from the Republicans... the political revolution doesn't stop at the presidential level."■









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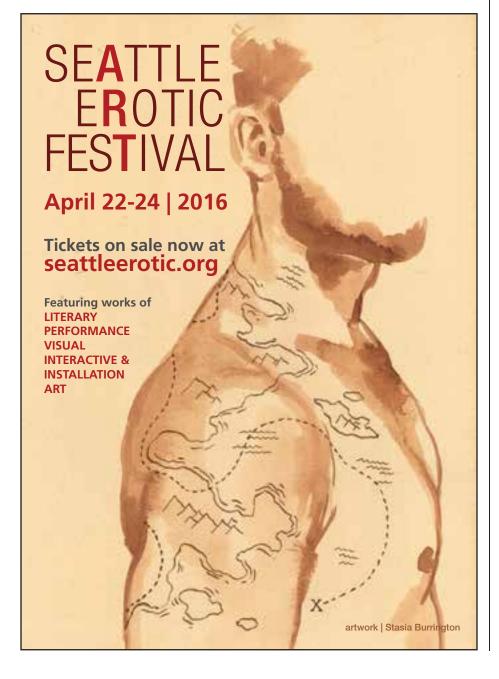


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Olympia Is Where Sensible Weed **Policy Goes to Die**

BY TOBIAS COUGHLIN-BOGUE

overnor Jay Inslee drew headlines Grecently for laying down the veto hammer on 27 bills he deemed as nonessential-his tough-love way to force the legislature to get its shit together on the budget. While I wholeheartedly agree with Inslee on the importance of getting our legislators to do the basic stuff we elect them to do within the time period given to do it—like you would at any other job—the veto stunt is undeniably a bummer for pot.

And this legislative session already sucked enough for cannabis. After two years of trial and error, the industry was ready for some much-needed legislative improvement. At the beginning of the session, it looked like Olympia might actually meet that need there were a ton of sensible pot bills floating around. Somehow, they all sank.

Seattle, for example, was lobbying hard for a bill that would provide a legal cannabis delivery alternative to our many, many illegal delivery services. In anticipation of such a bill, we made a big public stink about how we're going to crack down on all these fixie-riding felons and replace them with safe, regulated legal weed delivery. The legislature then made fools out of us by punting on the

Seattle also lost out on another legislative priority: Senator Ann Rivers's bill to legalize cannabis sharing, up to a certain amount. Technically, passing a joint to your friend is still a possible felony. The same bill would also have eased penalties for possession of amounts slightly over the legal limit, which was shown to disproportionately affect minorities. Passing this would have been a really, really sensible thing to do. But did we do

This is nothing new. Way back when the medical marijuana overhaul bill (SB 5052) passed, Pete Holmes, our pro-pot city attorney, was looking into a way to license and regulate marijuana consumption clubs. He was so gung ho that Mike McKenney, a techie turned ganjapreneur, opened Club Zero. McKenney says he worked with the city every step of the way and was given the impression he'd be welcomed with open arms. At the last minute, some backward-thinking legislators saw fit to add a section to 5052 explicitly banning any form of pot club.

The city, whose inspection teams had walked through McKenney's club twice, had to quickly and quietly change its tune, claiming that those inspectors saw no pot use and thought it was just a regular ol' nightclub. This was clearly a hasty dodge—if the absence of booze, puffed up bags of pot vapor, and enormous library of cannabis literature didn't give it away, the goddamn chocolatecovered peanut-butter sandwich cookies should have. Again, Olympia screwed us.

Out of this year's bevy of bills, a mere three made it to Inslee's desk, and out of those three, only one of them was of the "desperately needed fix" variety. The other two-on legalizing industrial hemp and marijuana research licenses—would have been cool, but we can make it another year without them. Many of the state's struggling pot businesses—especially on the supply side cannot make it another year without some help. Fixing the issues around "money's worth," which SB 6341 would have done, would be a good start.

In January, the Washington State Liquor

and Cannabis Board (WSLCB) sent out a memo reinforcing its stance against any sort of back scratching between retailers and producer/processors, or, as it is officially called, any exchange of "money or money's worth." The idea of money's worth regulations are to keep retailers and suppliers from getting too cozy. Very noble and all, but applied too strictly, it makes commerce as we know it exceedingly difficult. The memo is, according to the industry, a very strict interpretation of the law on money's worth exchanges, a colossal pain in the ass, and a potential threat to the state's already struggling growers.

"It's more bullshit that ties our hands when it comes to working with producers/ processors," said Maria Moses, co-owner of Dockside Cannabis, when the memo first came out. "It especially hurts the producers/ processors who are not really well funded,

The current restrictions on cannabusinesses are way in excess of what exist for alcohol manufacturers.

as many of them rely on in-store events for promotion." She also pointed out that the restrictions on cannabusiness were way in excess of what exist for alcohol, where booze makers have a lot more freedom to curry favor with retailers and even directly with customers.

For example, I sat on a judging panel last year for a Pike/Pine bartender competition hosted by Herradura tequila where I and about 50 members of the Capitol Hill service industry got more than tipsy on free tequila. These events are par for the course in the booze industry—no one bats an eye at lavish parties thrown by alcohol distributors or free giveaways. Also, booze makers are often allowed to sample out their products directly to the public.

Members of the cannabis industry, who had been happily cross-promoting one

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SHATTER

another and hosting quaint "Meet the Grower" nights without ever giving away a single nug of cannabis, were rightfully pissed over the WSLCB's stricter application of the rules. The board's response to their loud and prolific anger? Life ain't fair, kids.

"Most callers have questions as to why members of the alcohol industry (manufacturers) are allowed to conduct 'educational events' at retail locations," reads a WSLCB memo responding to the pot industry's complaints. "For example, wineries commonly sample and provide education to customers at grocery stores."

"The alcohol industry has the same prohibitions against... money's worth that the marijuana industry faces," it continues. "The difference is that over many years the alcohol industry has carved out exceptions in the law through legislation. Any exception requires a legislative change."

Let's be real: Nowadays, telling someone to go get a legislative fix is dangerously close to telling them to fuck off forever. This obvious fix of a bill would have taken an existing regulatory structure that works fine for this aspect of the alcohol industry, and applied it to same aspect of the pot industry. Plug and play, baby.

It made it all the way to the governor's desk (one positive byproduct of the evergrowing cannabis lobbying industry) and it still got vetoed. Yes, the legislature could re-pass it in the 30-day special session Inslee ordered to get that supplemental budget handled, but it isn't exactly easy. Overturning the vetoes directly would take a two-thirds majority. Failing that, the special session basically resets progress on all the bills. So if they are re-passed through committee and re-passed on the floor, there's still hope. Hurst, who spoke at an industry mixer put on by the Cannabis Organization of Retail Establishments last week, vowed to push the bills back through, claiming he had the votes to do it. While that's somewhat heartening, it doesn't guarantee anything. As one mixer attendee grumbled afterward, "There's still the senate." ■

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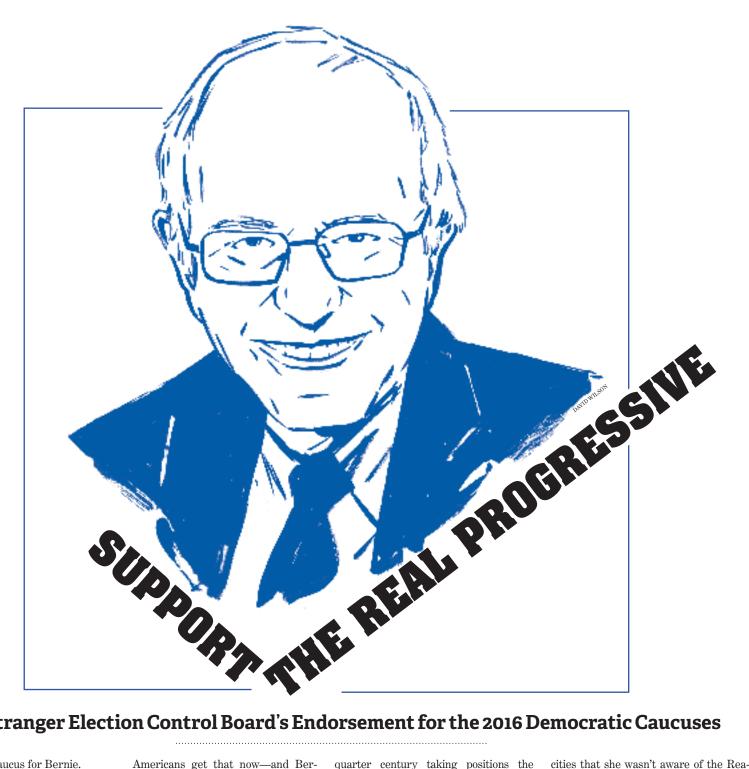
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The Stranger Election Control Board's Endorsement for the 2016 Democratic Caucuses

ou must caucus for Bernie. Only Bernie Sanders can stand up to Donald Trump on Trump's terms and defeat him. Americans left, right, and center are saving, "You're right, everything is fucked!" The sense of how fucked it is drives disenfranchised whites to Trump and disenfranchised millennials to Bernie. Even suburban soccer moms are driving around with 99-percent bumper stickers on their Subarus, watching their kids graduate from expensive colleges into functional poverty.

Sanders is the only candidate who believes what we believe. He is the only candidate who believes what you believe. He knows what politics is about, he knows what's wrong with this country, and he's not for sale.

Let's review.

The toxic economic hierarchy of this nation has worn our democracy down to a dull, blistered nub. If we Americans take a goddamn minute to be honest with ourselves, there's no running from the unfuckwithable truth: Slavery, cultural genocide, and the exploitation of natural resources were the main ingredients in the Original Capitalism™ on which this country was founded. The current versions of capitalism being marketed by both parties—Red Bull Capitalism™ (the GOP) and Diet Capitalism $^{\scriptscriptstyle\mathsf{TM}}$ (the Democratic Party)—are no longer acceptable alternatives.

Americans get that now—and Bernie's been saying it since 1981.

We do not for one second buy the widespread delusion that Hillary Clinton could actually beat the Donald—i.e., the only remotely plausible reason why anyone to the left of Nancy Reagan would caucus for her on March 26.

Interestingly, the only people on the Stranger Election Control Board who voted to endorse Hillary Clinton for president were men. Yeah, we were surprised too. Wouldn't it mean something to finally get a woman president?

Yes. We deserve a longer break from the chain of old presidential white men who promote dick-swinging mediocrity like it's genius and who view structural oppression like a foreign film. There's also the fact that you'd have to be a hater of good TV not to take pleasure in the idea of Hillary Clinton wiping the debate floor with Donald Trump's orange face.

But if you look at Hillary's record, you will notice something about her vaunted progressiveness: It's almost all her early work, later undone by her own neoliberal chameleon act. For example, Hillary touts her work at the Children's Defense Fund in the 1970s as evidence of her progressiveness. In the 1990s, the CDF condemned the welfare policies thenfirst lady Hillary Clinton supported as "a mockery of [Bill Clinton's] pledge not to hurt children."

Sanders, however, has spent the last

quarter century taking positions the country has since caught up with and agreed with him on: voting against war in Iraq, voting against the Patriot Act, voting against the erosion of the Glass-Steagall Act (bank regulation), voting against NAFTA (which even Hillary now disavows). Eighteen years before Hillary decided it was no longer politically expedient to deny gay people rights, Sanders decried a Republican congressman for dissing "homos in the military." Surprisingly even to us, he's effective at forming left-right coalitions, too-like when he passed amendments limiting bailout fund standards to protect American workers and forcing white-collar criminals to notify victims who are eligible for restitution.

And then there's the trust issue. Not even Hillary's supporters trust her. Barack Obama said she had an "authenticity" problem when he was attempting to praise her last week.

Hillary Clinton is a mask for the lie that social progress without economic change actually helps women, people of color, queers, and, increasingly, absolutely anybody of modest means. What's more, Clinton's recent lie that Nancy Reagan was an advocate for HIV/AIDS awareness reveals either Clinton's ignorance or her denial of how economic. social, and political realities intersect. Her social and political circles were either so insulated from the queers, people of color, and IV drug users dying in big cities that she wasn't aware of the Reagans' horrifying record on AIDS, or Hillary is once again throwing people under the bus while asking for their vote.

Hillary may have come around to marriage equality in 2013, but the economic machinery that marginalized victims of HIV/AIDS in the first place remains the same. It simply evolves its targets. And there is no question that Hillary is a Republican in disguise when it comes to money. For chrissakes, the New Yorker even pointed it out last week. Hillary is "surrounded by [Robert] Rubin's acolytes," referring to the Goldman Sachs treasury secretary who pushed Bill Clinton to flip on spending and deregulate finance. Those acolytes are Hillary's Dick Cheney, and like Cheney, they'll run the presidency.

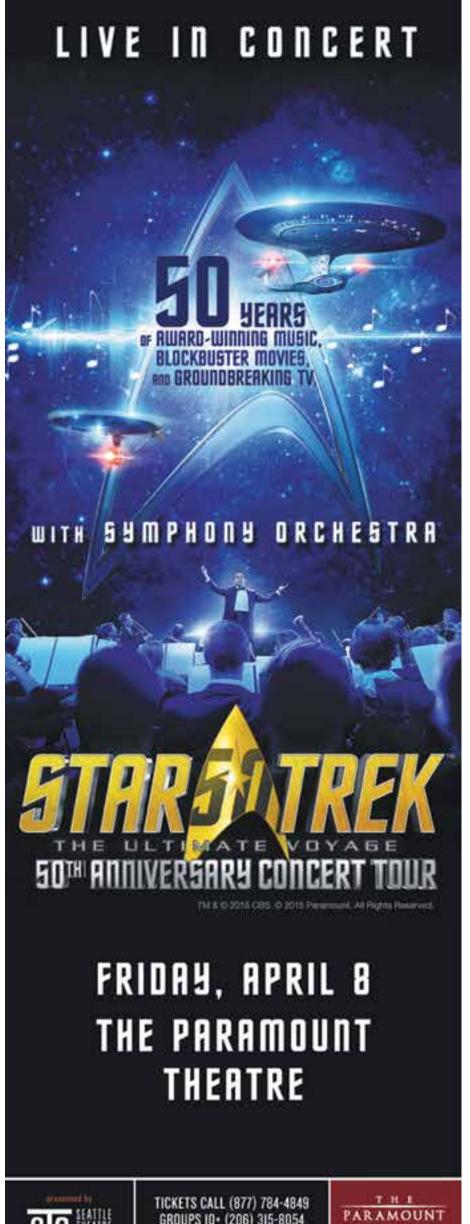
There's just one piece of advice we should heed from the Clinton yearsthose years when the Democratic Party triangulated its soul away—and then you, Bill and Hillary Clinton, are dismissed, thank you very much. (And may you grow in old age to know who the fuck you actually are.) It's the advice James Carville gave to Bill when he was running for president in 1992.

'The economy, stupid.'

It is the economy. Social change without economic reform is empty. We're not stupid.

Caucus for Bernie Sanders this Saturdav. 🔳

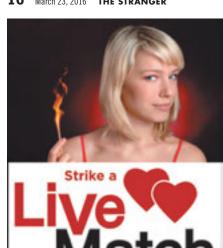




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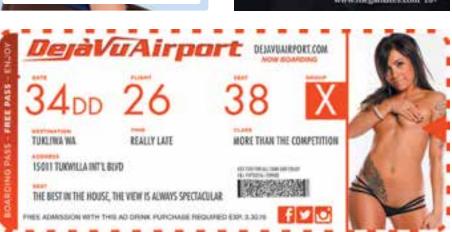
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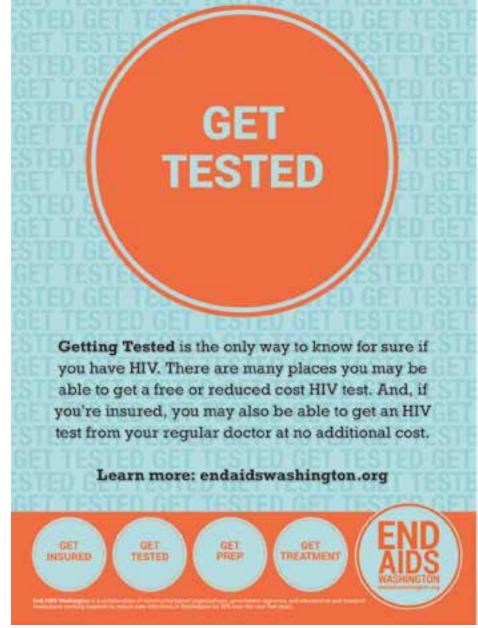
















SAVAGE LOVE

Fixations, Oral and Otherwise **BY DAN SAVAGE**

I'm a 24-year-old male, married three years, monogamous. My wife and I are religious $and\ were\ both\ virgins\ when\ we\ got\ married.$ I'm sexually frustrated with two things. (1) How can I get her to give me oral sex? (She has never given and I have never received oral sex. I regularly give her oral sex.) She is afraid to try it, saying she's not ready yet. About every six $months,\ I\ bring\ it\ up\ and\ it$ leads to a fight. She is a germophobe, but I think she believes fellatio is done only in porn. (I used to look at porn, which nearly ended our then-dating relationship.) (2) I feel like I'm always giving and never receiving any type of affection: massages, kisses, caresses, you name it. It's like having sex with a sex doll—no reciprocation. How do I broaden our sex life without making her feel like we're in a porno?

 $Sexually\ Frustrated$

If you don't already have children—you don't mention kids-please don't have any, SF, at least not with your first wife.

You're a religious person, SF, a lifestyle choice I don't fully understand. But you're also a sexual person, and that I do understand. And if you want a lifelong, sexually exclusive, and sexually fulfilling relationship, then you must prioritize sexual compatibility during your search for the second Mrs. SF. Because your next marriage is likelier to survive for the long haul if you're partnered with someone who is attracted to you physically and is aroused roughly speaking—by the same sex acts, positions, and fantasies you are.

In other words: Don't marry someone and hope she likes sucking your dick. You tried that, and it didn't work. Find someone who likes sucking your dick and marry her.

I'm a straight woman in my early 30s, and I just don't like receiving oral sex. I love giving blowjobs and can orgasm from PIV sex, but I seem to be one of the few women who don't enjoy guys going down on me. I'm not $uncomfortable\ with\ it,\ but\ it\ doesn't\ get\ me\ off.$ $I\ also\ get\ wet\ easily,\ so\ it's\ not\ like\ I\ need\ it\ as$ foreplay. As I've gotten older, and the guys I sleep with have gotten older, it seems like most want to spend a great deal of time down there. I've tried being up front about not liking it in general, but guys either get offended or double down and do it more because they assume I've never been with a guy who "could do it right." Any ideas on how to handle this?

Needs Oral Preference Explainer

The observation you make regarding older straight guys—older straight guys are more enthusiastic about going down on women—is something I've heard from other female friends. They couldn't get guys to go down on them in their 20s, and they can't get guys in their 30s and 40s to stop going down on them. (SF, above, is clearly an outlier.) The obvious solution to your dilemma, NOPE: Only fuck guys in their 20s.

Fan from Sweden here! Question: My fetish $has \ no \ name. \ It \ is \ a \ "worshipping" \textit{fetish}, for$ want of a better term, where I am the one being worshipped. Not by one man, but all men of the earth. The worshipping itself, while sexual, is not bound to my body parts. It would begreat to have this named.

Lack Of Vocabulary Enervates My Experiences

A year ago, I would've diagnosed you with "caligulaphilia," LOVEME, after the Roman emperor Caligula, who considered himself a living god, and -philia, the go-to suffix meaning "abnormal appetite or liking for." But these days, I'd say you were suffering from a bad case of "trumpophilia."

I'm a 24-year-old female who met my 26-yearold boyfriend five months ago through Fetlife. We do not share the same fetish, but we have other overlapping interests and he is lovely, smart, and funny. He has a diaper and incontinence fetish. Not my jam, but I'm GGG. The

issue: He has the most one-dimensional sexuality I have ever seen. He can get off only in the missionary position, with a diaper under us, and with incontinence dirty talk. Even with all of the above, its difficult to get him to orgasm. And it's only very recently that we've been able to have penetrative sex—since he was used to getting off with his hand and a diaperalways with diapers under us and with $lots\ and\ lots\ and\ lots\ of\ pee\ talk.\ But\ there \hbox{\rm `s}\ only$ $so\ long\ I\ can\ talk\ about\ losing\ control\ and\ pee$ ing muself before I lose interest in the activities

at hand. I do not mind getting him off this way sometimes, but this does absolutely nada for me and it's the only way he gets off. He's otherwise an amazing person, but I'm getting frustrated. We've talked about how my needs aren't being met, and he claims he's done standard vanilla before and managed to satisfy his partners. I've yet to experience it myself, however, and I'd really like to be able to enjoy some vanilla sex—let alone my kinks!—with him!

Please, I'm Sexually Saddened

Your lovely, smart boyfriend is a lousy, selfish lay, PISS, and you two aren't sexually compatible, DTMFA.

I am a 26-year-old guy and I have an overwhelming foot fetish. I cannot help but think about the male foot every hour of every day. I often find myself pushing boundaries with attractive male friends and acquaintances to satisfy my urges, which has caused me a lot of stress and anxiety. I'm obsessed with the idea of offering some of my friends and acquaintances foot massages, but I just don't know how to bring up the subject, given my mixed experiences. A lot of people think of foot rubs as intimate and believe they should be restricted to romantic relationships. While I've been lucky on very random occasions, I've had some fuckups. I asked a aay friend whether he would like a foot massage. but he declined—and while he was polite about it in the initial exchange, he has since ignored me. I asked a straight guy, and he considered it but never followed through, and I feel weird about asking him again. I told another straight guy who was shocked that I would ever ask him such a thing, but he still talks to me and makes light of the incident. Whereas another guy unfriended me on Facebook after I messaged him and told him I liked his feet. What should I do? Is there a proper way to ask to rub someone's feet? It's not like I'm asking to suck on people's toes.

 $Crazed\ About\ Lads'\ Feet$

You remind me of those straight guys who send unsolicited dick pics to women they barely know—they don't do it because it never works, they do it because it works on rare/random occasions. But you have to ask yourself if those rare/random instances when an attractive male friend allowed you to perv on their feet-the handful of times you've gotten a yes—are worth the sacrificing of all the friendships you've lost.

Foot rubs are a form of intimacy, particularly when performed by foot fetishists, and you've gotta stop pestering your hot friends about their feet. There are tons of other foot fetishists out there-most male, loads gay, tons online. Go find some fellow foot pervs and swap rubs with them. ■

On the Lovecast, Debby Herbenick on anxietyinduced orgasms: savagelovecast.com.

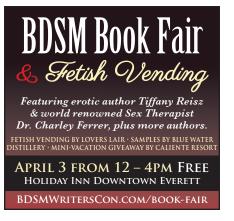
> mail@savagelove.net@fakedansavage on Twitter



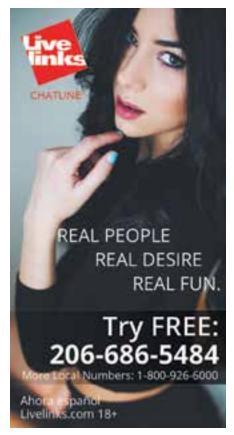


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University of Washington Research Study Department of Medicine

Male Contraceptive Study

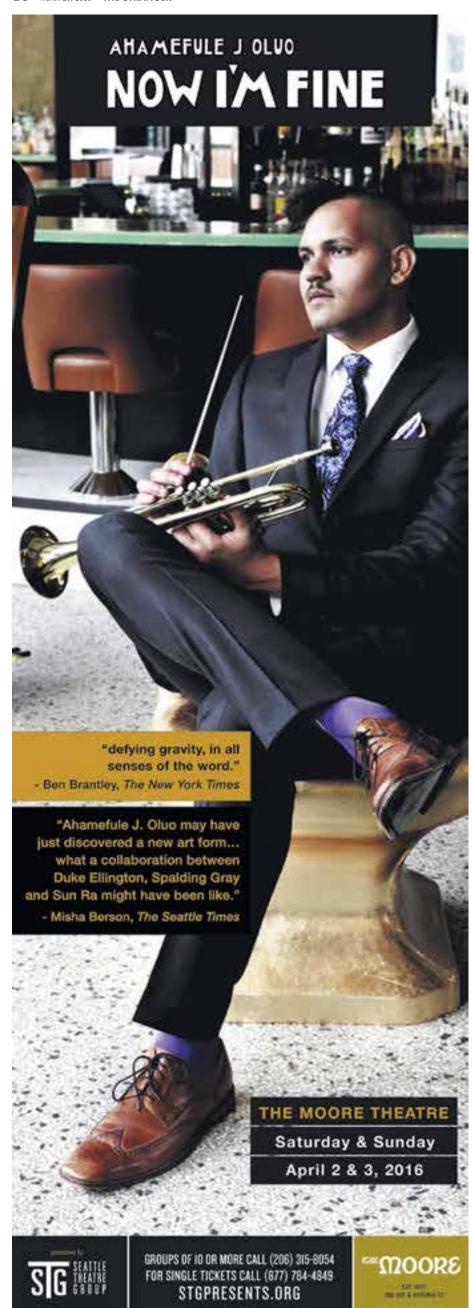
Men are needed to participate in an investigational drug study using a hormone pill to help develop a new form of male contraception. This study will be conducted at the University of Washington, Seattle. The study involves 15 visits over a period of 2 ½-3 months, including two 26 hour weekday visits.

To be eligible you must be: » 18-50 years of age » Male » In good health » Not taking medications on a daily basis

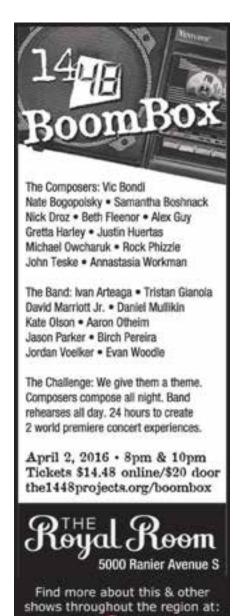
Volunteers will be reimbursed for their time and inconvenience for each study visit completed and may be compensated up to \$1,300 - 1,325

If interested, call 206-616-1818 (volunteer line) and ask for more information about the DMAU-2 study.

Stephanie Page, MD, PhD; William Bremner, MD, PhD; Arthi Thirumalai, MD; John Amory, MD, MPH; Mara Roth, MD







ARTS 1884



BEFORE WAS

Helen Simonson

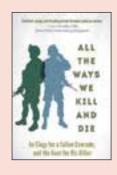
in-conversation with Jennie Shortridge The Summer Before the War (Random House)

Wednesday, March 30 at 7pm @ LFP

The bestselling author of Major Pettigrew's Last Stand returns with a breathtaking novel of love and war that reaches far beyond the small English town in which it is set.

This will be an in-conversation style event moderated by Jennie Shortridge, author of Love, Water, Memory and When She Flew. Please join us for this special evening.





Brian Castner

All the Ways We Kill and Die: An Elegy for a Fallen Comrade, and the Hunt for His Killer (Arcade)

Monday, April 4th at 7pm @ LFP

In this nonfiction thriller Castner takes us inside the manhunt for the elusive figure known as the Engineer. His investigation reveals how warfare has changed since Iraq, becoming personal even as it has become hi-tech, with our drones, bomb disposal robots, and CSI-like techniques.



Lake Forest Park - 17171 Bothell Way NE Ravenna - 6504 20th Ave NE

www.thirdplace books.com

Seward Park location coming in late April!

THINGS TO DO ARTS & CULTURE

All the Events The Stranger Suggests This Week Find the complete calendar of things to do in Seattle at strangerthingstodo.com StrangerTTD Stranger Things To Do



COMMUNITY

Washington **State Democratic** Caucuses

DON'T MISS The caucus system has been criticized for something a lot of people probably love about it: the anachronistically non-anonymous presentation, in which heated discussion with fellow Democrats is not a regrettable byproduct but a perk of participation. This year feels different than past caucus ops, however, in that the two candidates vying for the nomination actually represent radically different approaches to both campaigning and governance, and the impermeable two-way diatribe that masquerades as our conversation about them has left many of us feeling actually undecided. The moral certainty that the Republicans will nominate a dangerous cretin isn't new. What is new is the prospect of Democrats evaluating our own moral certainties knowing very well what's at stake. This year's caucuses afford Washington voters a

chance to demand answers of one another, and more importantly, to listen to them. Most of all, though, it provides a crystal clear dividing line: If you don't go, you are hereby forbidden to post another goddamn word about Hillary or Bernie on Facebook. (Various locations, Sat March 26, free) SEAN **NELSON**

Complete listings at strangerthingstodo.com

READINGS & TALKS

Garth Greenwell

DON'T MISS Garth Greenwell's debut novel, What Belongs to You, begins with the narrator meeting a 23-year-old in a bathroom in Bulgaria and paying him for sex. The rest of the book is filled with these "little theaters of heat," where the narrator variously succumbs to and resists the pressures of prurience and curiosity and doubt. Though we never see the narrator the way someone would see him from the outside—we never get a description of his face, we never get a description of his body, we never get a description of his penis—we are given access to an interior radiance that's blazing and singular, and has much to say about language, about class, about heritage, about desire, about deceit. Greenwell's gift is to render the narrator's intensities so intensely that you can't help but be pulled into his morass. Before you know it, you're happily reeling in a verbal vortex. Tonight, Dave Wheeler, associate editor of the Shelf Awareness newsletter, will facilitate a conversation between Greenwell and Idra Novey, author of Ways to Disappear. (Elliott Bay Book Company, Tues March 29, 7 pm, free) CHRISTOPHER FRIZZELLE

We also recommend...

Cynthia D'Aprix Sweeney: Elliott Bay Book Company, Mon March 28, 7 pm, free Emily St. John Mandel: Town Hall, Wed March 23, 7:30 pm, \$15-\$60; Urban Grace Church, Tacoma, Thurs March 24, 7 pm, free First Folio! The Book That Gave Us Shakespeare: Central Library, free, through

April 17 **Tiffany Midge with Chrystos and Storme**

Webber: Elliott Bay Book Company, Sat March 26, 7 pm, free

Complete listings at strangerthingstodo.com

FOOD & DRINK

Plate of Nations

DON'T MISS Plate of Nations is your twoweek-long chance to explore the many cuisines and cultures of Rainier Valley. Through April 10, independently owned eateries serving Ethiopian, Eritrean, Laotian, Middle Eastern, Somali, Thai, and Vietnamese food (or, in the case of Olympic Express restaurant, a wondrous Halal mash-up of all nearly all of these things) are offering shareable plates, specially priced at \$15 and \$25. If you've never been to Cafe Ibex, Foo Lam, or Huarachitos, you're missing out on some of the best food in town. (Rainier Valley, March 25-April 10, \$15/\$25) ANGELA GARBES

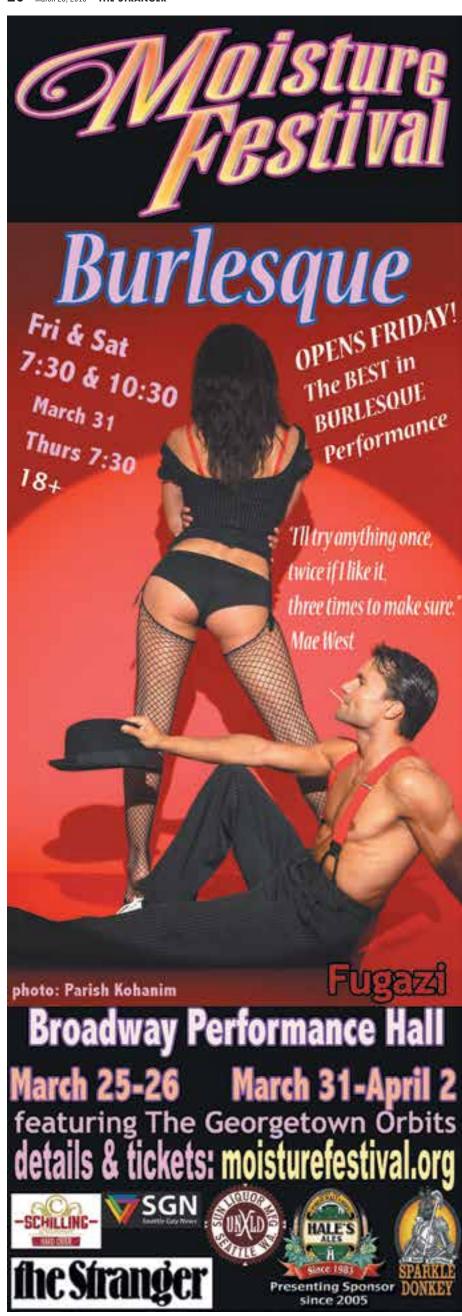
We also recommend...

\$10 Pizza Mondays: Cafe Lago, Mon March

Caviar Tasting: Seattle Caviar Company, Thurs March 24, 5-7 pm, \$30

Chocolate Happy Hour: Chocolopolis, Thurs March 24, 5-9 pm, free

Dine Around Seattle: Various locations, Continued
ightharpoonup



THINGS TO DO ARTS & CULTURE

through March 31, \$18/\$33

Farm Days: Hama Hama Company, Lilliwaup, Sat March 26, 12-2:30 pm

Free Wine on 15th: European Vine Selections, Sat March 26, 3-6 pm, free

Free Wine Tasting at Champion Wine

Cellars: Champion Wine Cellars, Sat March 26, 12-5 pm, free

Free Wine Tasting at DeLaurenti: DeLaurenti, Sat March 26, 2-4 pm, free

Georgetown Bites: Georgetown, Sat March 26, 11 am-5 pm, \$20

Guest Chef Night: John Sundstrom: Fare-Start, Thurs March 24, 5:30-8 pm, \$30 Paella Night: Terra Plata, Mon March 28, 5 pm, \$15

Pints for Parks Night with Sound

Brewery: The Sixgill, Thurs March 24, 4 pm-midnight

Taco Wednesdays: Roanoke Park Place Tavern, Wed March 23, 4 pm-2 am, \$1 each Wine Wednesdays: LloydMartin, Wed March 23, 5-10 pm

Complete listings at strangerthingstodo.com

Complex Exchange: Power | Privilege

DON'T MISS The exhibition of paintings by Kehinde Wiley at Seattle Art Museum is generating a lot of conversation about race and power, and the group show of historical work by underrecognized African American artists at the Northwest African American Museum should be, too. Take the opportunity of tonight's talk—with cultural organizer Rahwa Habte, dancer Dani Tirrell, and The Stranger's cultural critic Charles Mudede—to kick off your own personal visits to SAM and NAAM. And while you're at SAM with your mind moving, in addition to the Wiley, see the small, complicated show about colonial entanglement near its entrance. Emblems of Encounter: Europe and Africa Over 500 Years. (Seattle Art Museum, Wed March 23, 7 pm, free with RSVP) JEN GRAVES

We also recommend...

ART EVENTS

Mindfulness Meditation at the Frye:

Frye Art Museum, Wed March 23, 12:30 pm,

SakuraCon: Washington State Convention & Trade Center, March 25-27, \$70 Seattle Makers Market: Sole Repair, Sun

March 27, 1 pm, free

MUSEUMS

Ai Weiwei: Fault Line: San Juan Islands Museum of Art (SJIMA), Friday Harbor, Fri-Mon, \$10, through April 11

The Atomic Frontier: Black Life in Hanford, WA: Northwest African American Museum, Wed-Sun, \$7, through May 22 Brenna Youngblood: abstracted reali-

ties: Seattle Art Museum, Wed-Sun, \$20, through April 17

The Brink: Jason Hirata: Henry Art Gallery, March 26-Jun 26, \$10

Constructs: Installations by Asian Pacific American Women Artists: Wing Luke Museum, Tues-Sun, \$15, through April 17 Cris Bruch: Others Who Were Here: Frye Art Museum, Tues-Sun, free, through March

The Duchamp Effect: Seattle Art Museum, Wed-Sun, \$20, through Aug 14

Emblems of Encounter: Europe and Africa Over 500 Years: Seattle Art Museum,

Wed-Sun, \$20, ongoing

Gallery, Wed-Sun, \$10

The Harmon & Harriet Kelley Collection of African American Art: Works on Paper: Northwest African American Museum,

Wed-Sun, \$7, through April 17 James Turrell's Light Reign: Henry Art

Journey to Dunhuang: Buddhist Art of the Silk Road Caves: Asian Art Museum, Wed-Sun, \$9, through Jun 12

Kehinde Wilev: A New Republic: Seattle Art Museum, Wed-Sun, \$20, through May 8 Martha Rosler: Below the Surface:

Seattle Art Museum, Wed-Sun, \$20, through

Paul McCarthy: White Snow, Wood Sculptures: Henry Art Gallery, Wed-Sun, \$10, through Sept 11

GALLERIES

Dick Weiss & Cappy Thompson: Traver Gallery, Tues-Sat, free, through April 2 Giant Steps: Artist Residency on the Moon: King Street Station, free, through April 3

I Wasn't Just Saying What You Wanted To Hear: The Alice, Sat, 12-5 pm, free, through April 9

If You Lived Here Still: Home Front: The New Foundation Seattle, Thurs-Sat, free, through March 26

Jeffry Mitchell: New Drawings: Joe Bar, free, through April 11

Joan Tanner: The False Spectator: Suyama Space, Mon-Fri, free, through April

Koren Christofides: A Modern Medieval Bestiary: Gallery IMA, Tues-Sat, free, through April 2

Lynne Woods Turner: bend/fold/open: Greg Kucera Gallery, Tues-Sat, free, through

Mario Lemafa: last_resort: Interstitial, Sat, free, through April 2

Martha Rosler: If You Lived Here Still: The New Foundation Seattle, Thurs-Sat,

free, through Jul 30 Matika Wilbur: Project 562: The Hibulb Cultural Center and Natural History Preserve, Tulalip, Tues-Sun, \$10, through Jun 11 Neal Fryett: Image Strike: Glass Box Gal-

lery, Wed-Sat, free, through March 26 Norman Lundin: Spaces: Inside and Outside: Greg Kucera Gallery, Tues-Sat, free, through April 2

Peter Gross & Sylwia Tur: Linda Hodges Gallery, Tues-Sat, free, through March 26 Real Change Portrait Project: City Hall Lobby Gallery, Mon-Fri, free, through May 2 Ross Sawyers: The Jungle: Platform Gallery, Wed-Sat, free, through March 26 Roy Dowell & Xavier Toubes: James Harris Gallery, Wed-Sat, free, through April 2 Salt/Water: Photographic Center Northwest, Sat-Thurs, free, through April 2

Complete listings at strangerthingstodo.com

PERFORMANCE

Rodney King: Roger Guenveur Smith

DON'T MISS Roger Guenveur Smith will be familiar from his appearances in several Spike Lee joints, and many other films besides (from Deep Cover to Dope). And though his movie work is exemplary, the work he creates for the stage is a whole lot of other ex- words (exhilarating, exuberant,

THINGS TO DO ARTS & CULTURE

exalted, and extraordinary, to name a few). Smith brought his masterful first-person performance A Huey P. Newton Story—later filmed by Lee—to On the Boards 19 years ago. He now returns with a very different show, which he describes as a "postmortem interrogation" of a very different, though no less misunderstood, Black historical figure: Rodney King. Read an interview with Smith in this week's theater section, but more importantly, do not miss this performance. I hate to think of Seattle having to wait another 19 years for a return engagement. (Langston Hughes Performing Arts Institute, March 24-26, \$25) SEAN NELSON

Sarah Rudinoff: **NowNowNow**

DON'T MISS The performer Sarah Rudinoff stars in a new evening-length autobiographical work about finding truth in a world dominated by Facebook, Twitter, and created personas. Rudinoff presented 20 minutes of this material at On the Boards a while back, and it was really, really good—funny, daring, intimate, risky. If that glimpse of the show-in-progress was anything like the final result, you don't want to miss this. "She uses shifting narratives, intimate confessions, and her spot-on comedic timing to unravel the schizophrenia of modern living," says a description of the show. Rudinoff won a Stranger Genius Award in 2004 on the strength of two previous autobiographical shows, Go There and The Last State. (On the Boards, Wed-Sun, \$23/\$25, through April 3) CHRISTOPHER FRIZZELLE

We also recommend...

THEATER & DANCE

Assassins: ACT Theatre, through May 8 brownsville song (b-side for tray): Seattle Repertory Theatre, Fri-Sun & Tues, \$34, March 25-April 24

Mariela in the Desert: Theatre Off Jackson, Thurs-Sat, \$15, through April 9

Pacific Northwest Ballet: Director's Choice: McCaw Hall, March 24-27 Tanya Brno on Trapeze: Pink Door, Mon March 28, 6:15-8:45 pm

COMEDY

Collide-O-Scope: Re-bar, Mon March 28, 6:30-11 pm. \$9

Comedy Nest Open Mic: Wilfred Padua: Rendezvous, Tues March 29, 8 pm, \$5 Eulogy: West of Lenin, Thurs-Sat, 8 pm, \$5,

Complete listings at strangerthingstodo.com

FILM

In Cold Blood

DON'T MISS It was Clint Eastwood who pointed out that cinema and jazz have this in common: They are truly American art forms. And so it is not a surprise that some of the best soundtracks in the history of Hollywood were composed by jazz masters. There is the Modern Jazz Quartet's super-slick Odds Against Tomorrow, Duke Ellington's lusty Anatomy of a Murder, and, of course, Quincy Jones's hazy In Cold Blood. As for the last, the book it is based on, by Truman Capote, is interesting, the

movie itself is fine, but the soundtrack is just superb. It's a cloud of sounds. (Scarecrow Video, Tues March 29, 7 pm, free) CHARLES MUDEDE

We also recommend...

The Big Short: Meridian 16 and Sundance Cinemas

Cartoon Happy Hour: Central Cinema, Thurs March 24, 5-7 pm, free

Embrace of the Serpent: SIFF Cinema

Uptown, March 23-24, \$12 Hail, Caesar!: Meridian 16 and Sundance

I Saw the Light: Various locations, opens Fri March 25

Knight of Cups: Seven Gables

Notebook on Cities and Clothes: Northwest Film Forum, Thurs March 24, 7 pm, \$11 **Pioneers of African-American Cinema:** Birthright and Downtown Revue: Grand Illusion, Sun March 27, 3 pm, \$9, through April 3

Ran: SIFF Cinema Uptown, March 25-31, \$12 The Silence of the Lambs: Central Cinema, March 25-29, \$8 adv/\$10 DOS

The Sprocket Society presents Saturday Secret Matinees: Grand Illusion, Sat March 26, 2 pm, \$9

Theory of Obscurity: A Film About the Residents: SIFF Film Center, Thurs March 24, 7:30 pm, \$12

Whiskey Tango Foxtrot: Various locations The Wizard of Oz: Central Cinema, March 25-29, \$8 adv/\$10 DOS

Zootopia: Various locations

Complete listings at strangerthingstodo.com

Galleria: An **Evening of Drag as Performance Art**

DON'T MISS If you've been following RuPaul's Drag Race this season to cheer on local heroine Robbie Turner, you may be experiencing some lip-synch and death-drop fatigue. Yes, Ru-style showwomanship is fun to watch, but it's not the only kind of drag there is. For example, there's the curious performance art promised by Galleria: An Evening of Drag as Performance Art. Rather than screaming, "YAAAAS QUEEN SLAY," you'll be far more likely to muse, "Yes, but what does it all mean?" Local drag artist faves Butylene O'Kipple, Arson Nicki, and Harlotte O'Scara promise an unconventional space and fresh perspectives, which is drag queen for "Nobody is going to believe your stories when you tell people about this." (Gallery 1412, Fri March 25, 7:30 pm, \$5) **MATT BAUME**

We also recommend...

Bearaoke: Cuff, Tues March 29, 8 pm, free,

Cuff Country Fridays: Cuff, Fri March 25, 7 pm, free, 21+

DJ Night: Cuff, March 25-26, free, 21+ I Hate Karaoke: Pony, Tues March 29, 9 pm, free, 21+

Robbie Turner's Playground: R Place, Wed March 23, midnight, free

Wildrose Karaoke: Wildrose, Wed March 23, free, 21+

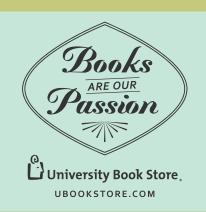
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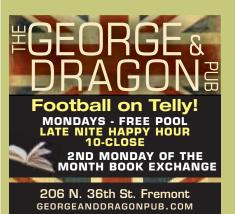




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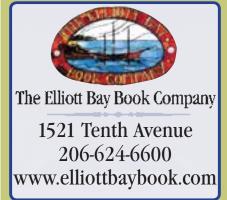
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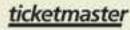


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THINGS TO DO MUSIC Noteworthy Shows This Week



WEDNESDAY 3/23

Smashing Pumpkins, Liz Phair

(Paramount, all ages) Even before the departure of core members D'arcy Wretzky (bass) and James Iha (guitar) around the turn of the millennium, the Smashing Pumpkins were openly resenting their guitar-rock foundation, telling the press of their plans to go electronic. At that point, it seemed they had already mastered traditional rock, having crafted a handful of heavy emo masterpieces, and voiced the angst of a generation. But other than the Lost Highway soundtrack gem "Eye," and a few moments on 1998's Adore, the band never shifted its focus, and lone remaining songwriter Billy Corgan hasn't been able to untether himself from his guitar and fuzz pedal. Subsequent releases from Corgan and a rotating cast of contributors have sounded short on imagination, searching the same, tired well for remnants of past successes. But what defines this Pumpkins tour will likely be what continues to define Corgan's legacy: the hits. And at least there is no shortage of those. **TODD HAMM**

Magma Fest: Andrew Bernstein, Booker Stardrum, Bell's Roar, Preta Trio

(Hollow Earth Radio, all ages) Here's one

of the strongest bills of this year's Magma Fest. Baltimore-based saxophonist/composer Andrew Bernstein is best known for his articulate blats in the metronomic, Glenn-Branca-goes-Afrobeat band Horse Lords. In solo quise, Bernstein focuses with laser intensity on minimalist pieces that hit your sensorium like tantalizing pinpricks. The title track from his new LP, The Great Outdoors, ripples and flares like Terry Riley's Poppy Nogood and the Phantom Band "All Night Flight" Vol. 1 on uppers, and "Exhaust" oozes a creepily sonorous, one-inch-offthe-floor drone that would make Éliane Radigue glow. Judging by the one track I've heard by Brooklyn's Booker Stardrum—who provides percussion for Cloud Becomes Your Hand and other outfits—he combines manic rhythms and distorted synth oscillations to forge equilibrium-disturbing soundscapes; it's very necessary. Preta Trio consists of Master Musicians of Bukkake members Randall Dunn and Dave Abramson (who also drums for the great gamelan-jazz-rock trio Diminished Men) and noise guitarist Pink Void. What a combo. DAVE SEGAL

Hunny, Wax Idols, Hiding Place

(Sunset) I'm not sure who piloted Hunny's style of dance-oriented post-punk to more fame in the early '00s, Franz Ferdinand or Interpol. The California sextet are looking at the same kind of meteoric rise; their song

"Cry for Me" was played more than 200,000 times on Soundcloud in two months. Much more interesting is Hunny's tourmate Wax Idols, whose album American Tragic obsessed me late last year. Singer Hether Fortune could pass for PJ Harvey, but her arrangements tend toward the gothic excess of the late 1980s. Her anthems "Only You" or "Deborah" beg for infinite repeat. Hunny are good and all, but Fortune should be opening for the Sisters of Mercy. JOSEPH **SCHAFER**

THURSDAY 3/24

Bruce Springsteen

(KeyArena, all ages) In March of 2011, Bruce Springsteen wrote a letter to the editor of his hometown paper, the Asbury Park Press, thanking them for a front-page story covering New Jersey's rising poverty and its simultaneous policy of gutting social services to its most vulnerable residents. "These are voices... having a hard time being heard, not just in New Jersey, but nationally," he wrote. For more than 50 years and through 18 studio albums, Springsteen has championed precisely these voices: people in small towns who have big dreams but face the crushing realities of unemployment, responsibility, and mediocrity. His songwriting range—soulful rock, stripped-down folk, hooky pop, country ballads, and sprawling

guitar epics—is on full display in the 1980 double album The River, which is performed in its entirety every night of this tour. Reports say that after performing all 20 songs, Bruce and the E Street Band immediately launch into a whole other set of songs from his canon. Shows last more than three hours. It's no surprise. This is the same man who, at 60 years old, slid across the 2009 Super Bowl stage on his knees and straight into a cameraman, effectively tea-bagging the entire nation. The Boss, indeed. ANGELA GARBES

Action Potential: Jlin, x/o, 7777777

(Kremwerk) In a genre dominated by men from Chicago, Gary, Indiana footwork producer Jlin stands out—and not just because of her gender and home base. Her 2015 album on Planet Mu, Dark Energy, radiated just that and won album-of-the-year honors from respected UK magazine the Wire. Further, Jlin's performance at Decibel Festival last year wowed the crowd with its oddly angled rhythms and smothering low-end aggression. In a review of that show, I wrote that she often sounded like "'90s-era Squarepusher slowed to 16 rpm," which is the kind of sonic disorientation and eccentricity I fully endorse. Vancouver's x/o impressed the hell out of folks at the Corridor Festival two months ago with a set of abrasive electronic brutality that could've been an alternate soundtrack for Tetsuo: The Iron Man. Her production style is full of surprising jump cuts, mood shifts, and fluctuations from terror to beauty. 7777777 is the newish footwork-oriented project by Seattle producer Alex Osuch. His tracks exude a formidable intensity and rapid rhythmic compulsiveness that one can imagine causing a frenzy in footwork's Windy City birthplace. DAVE SEGAL

FRIDAY 3/25

Strategy, Timm Mason, Randy Jones

(Chapel Performance Space, all ages) Portland multi-instrumentalist Strategy (aka Paul Dickow) boasts a large, diverse discography that ranges from dubby post-rock to wonky house to eventful ambient to experiments with tape loops and radio emissions. No matter which style he attempts, Strategy imbues it with an inquisitive, subtle inventiveness that reflects his alchemical ability to use the studio as an instrument. Noise Tape Self and Information Pollution, his last two albums for Seattle's Further Records—which organized this concert—reveal Strategy's facility for creating immersive sonic events that inspire blissful zone-outs and feelings of unease. The title "Ominous Lovely Piano" summarizes the prevalent mood of these works. Timm Mason-who has a kosmischeaquatic ambient album due this spring on Further with label co-owner Raica under the name DIAD—is one of Seattle's most incisive and interesting synth players. Madrona Labs founder/synth inventor Randy Jones rarely performs anymore, but when he does, it's a unique, imagination-stretching experience.

DAVE SEGAL

Continued ▶

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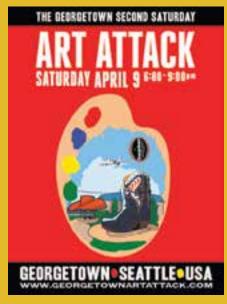
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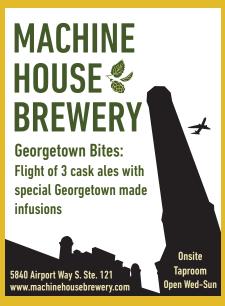


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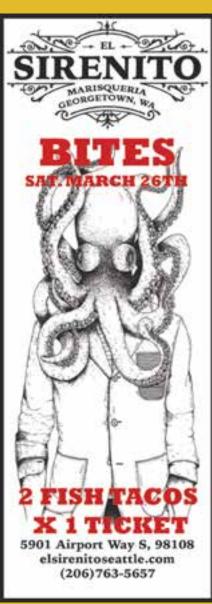
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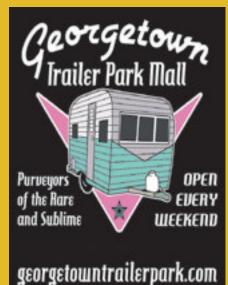




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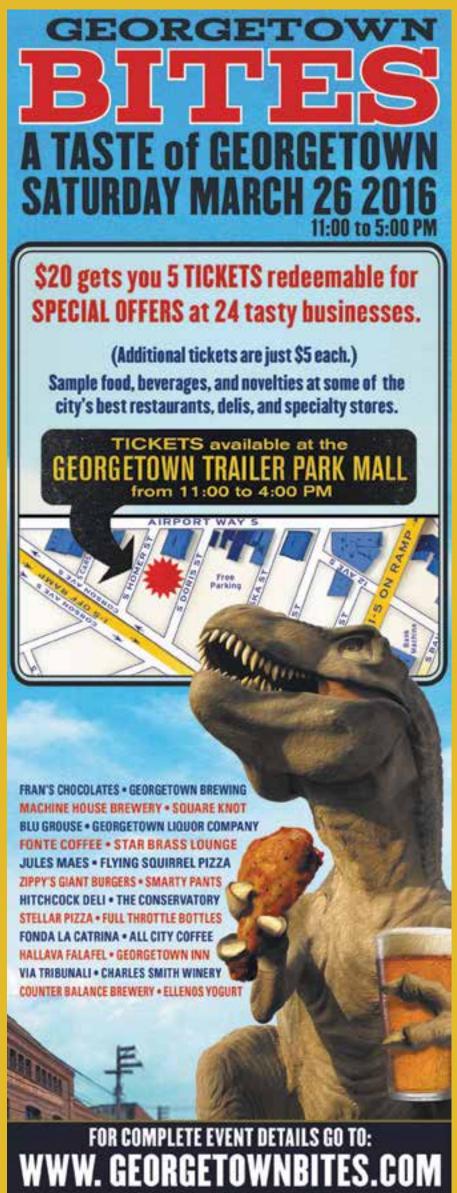
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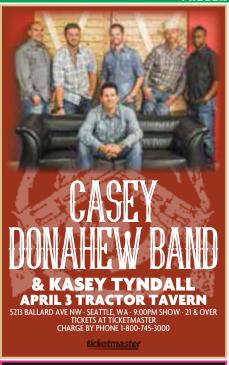
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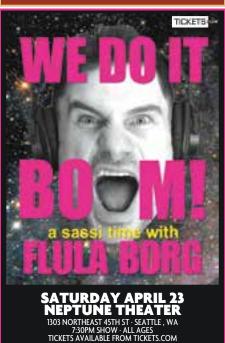


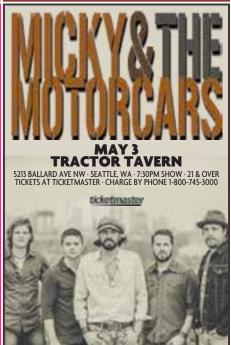


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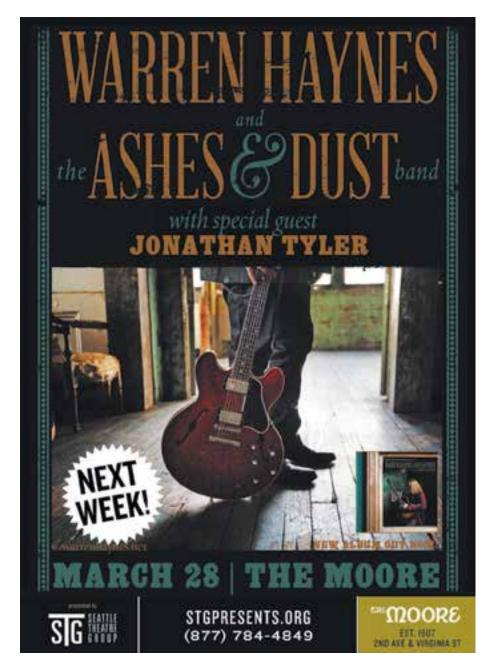
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THINGS TO DO MUSIC

Stickers, Wimps, VHS, Casual Hex, Stucko, Toyota

(Black Lodge, all ages) Local band hiatus alert: The cantankerous Stickers are taking a break after six years of tumultuous post-punk ramrodding. Why? Bassist Troy Ayala is moving to New York. But, as singer/ saxophonist Gabi Page-Fort put it in an e-mail to me, "Stickers is for life, we're seeing this hiatus as an opportunity to explore life beyond the sounds we've discovered to date, who knows where we'll go next... So we'll rest upon velveteen settees and bask until the sun moves us along." In an act of generosity, Stickers will leave us with an album before they exit—one they're still trying to figure out how to release. Titled Joy, the record leaves gorgeous bruises on your ears, its rumbling, pitch-black songs recalling a battle royal between Juju-era Siouxsie and the Banshees and Teenage Jesus and the Jerks... in a coal mine. Let's hope it's not Stickers' swan song. DAVE SEGAL

Porches, Alex G, Your Friend

(Vera. all ages) Alex G creates songs for solo listening, tastefully crafted bedroompop songs that feel specifically tailored to walking around with headphones on and a hoodie up, or staring up at the rotating blades of a ceiling fan and feeling listless. The prolific Philadelphia songwriter sings in a gentle, Elliott Smith-style whisper-sing, with lyrics full of all the good stuff: longing, unrequited love, and complicated feelings. Accompanied by gently unpredictable layered guitar parts, piano melodies, and intimate vocal harmonies that fill up the

empty space in my head, these are songs for introspection that reveal more and more layers upon repeat listens. I could hit play on Alex G and stare at the ceiling for hours. **ROBIN EDWARDS**

Shearweater, Cross Record, QAZI

(Crocodile, all ages) The road to Jet Plane and Oxbow led Shearwater's Jonathan Meiburg all over the world (many of his recent interviews focus on the book he's writing about a rare bird of previousled the caracara), but the band's trajectory to what I would rate as their richest, most assured album to date is an arrow straight back to 1980. Not to say the sound is retro-futuristic, but the album's musical and sonic frame of reference is a triangulation of Bowie-Eno-Byrne at their collaborative/competitive peak, with Meiburg's fantastic voice soaring out from the center. If you've never seen the band live, you're going to be so happy you decided to go to this show. SEAN NELSON

SATURDAY 3/26

Magma Fest: Lavender Country, Rae Spoon, Militia Etheridge, Lavender and er Butch Blinders

(Black Lodge, all ages) Songwriter Patrick Haggerty formed Lavender Country—the first openly gay country band—in 1972, releasing a self-titled record containing such poignant/FCC-scorned hits as "Cryin' These Cocksucking Tears." The record is a dreamy foray into the previously nonexistent world of gay honky-tonk, using classic country tropes and psych-folk melodies to tell Haggerty's stories of growing up queer in rural

Washington. Following a recent reissue, Lavender Country have been playing shows again, fully armed with harmonicas and frilly blouses, and their live set may even inspire a few country-fried shuffles. Elsewhere on perhaps the gayest country bill ever, Canadian songwriter Rae Spoon operates in the queer-positive, electronic-pop-infused realm of Mirah or Tender Forever, and local support comes from fabulously named local duo Militia Etheridge and a new queer act with Jordan O'Jordan and Clyde Petersen. **BRITTNIE FULLER**

Diminished Men. Alvarius B.. Crones of Chaos

(Blue Moon) Alan Bishop's Abduction Records just issued Vision in Crime, Seattle trio Diminished Men's latest installment in their ongoing campaign to make spy jazz, surf rock, gamelan, and red-knuckled Morricone-esque suspensefulness coexist in perfect equilibrium. And they've succeeded smashingly. Somehow, Vision in Crime is best when Diminished Men diverge from their rock roots and put their eccentric spin on gamelan, as exemplified by "Shadow Petram" and "Kudzu Mine." They're not showing disrespect to another culture, though; rather, they're honoring the Indonesian musical form's adaptability to Western compositional approaches. What's undeniable is that Diminished Men's metallic tonalities and bizarre guitar motifs transport you to a way more fascinating and humid place than Seattle. These guys manifest the mystery of their idiosyncratic sound world with the surgical precision and artful ruthlessness of a Bond villain. DAVE SEGAL

Thao & the Get Down Stay Down, Car Seat Headrest

(Neptune, all ages) Both artists on this bill

have taken huge, ambitious leaps forward on their latest records. Thao & the Get Down Stay Down's A Man Alive (out now) is rhythmically and emotionally complex and thematically heavy without sacrificing the house-party ebullience of their earlier records. Everything about the new album feels more resonant. Likewise with Car Seat Headrest's Teens of Denial, which will be out in May. After making nearly a dozen LPs at home, Will Toledo and his band went into a proper studio with producer Steve Fisk and emerged with a record that goes far beyond precocity and into the realm of the indelible. This time next year, it's hard to imagine they'll be opening for anyone. **SEAN NELSON**

SUNDAY 3/27

Sayonara, Dead Spells, Post/ Boredom, Quid Quo

(Chop Suey) These days, the term "hardcore" gets thrown around so freely that you can't help rolling your eyes at the mention of the word. Then along comes Sayonara—a Seattle-based band that smacks you across your jaded head hard enough to make you a believer again. Their raw, stripped-down fury is channeled through two-minute blasts of punk-rooted, cocky rock 'n' roll. They are a middle finger to what hardcore has become, with a sound that at times recalls the best parts of the late Ink & Dagger (minus the Vampire gimmick). Don't sleep on Sayonara, for they are the truth. KEVIN DIERS

MONDAY 3/28

Iggy Pop, Noveller

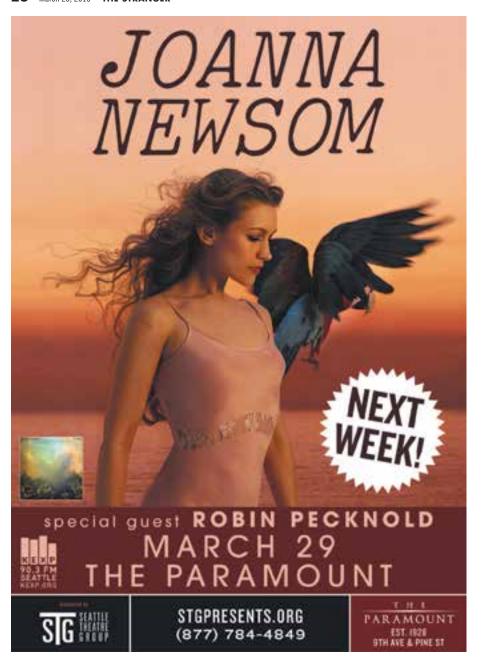
(Paramount, all ages) When you bust out of the gate with albums like The Stooges, Fun Continued ▶









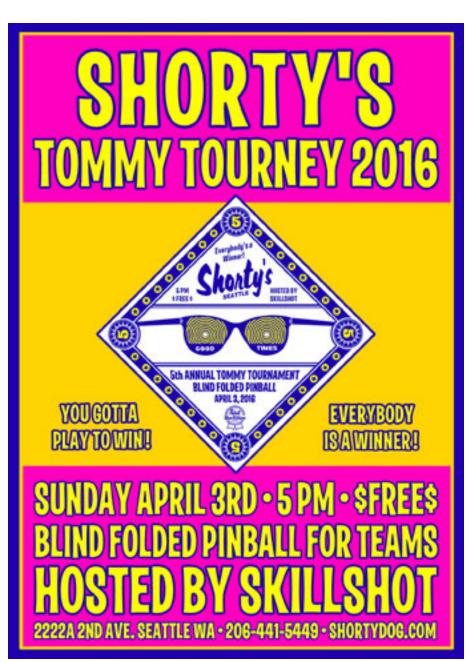






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THINGS TO DO MUSIC

House, and Raw Power, as James Osterberg (aka Iggy Pop) did, you kind of set up your fans for anticlimactic feelings. It ain't easy to follow three records that inspired punk. metal, and avant-rock, said Captain Understatement. On those works and onstage, Iggy upped the ante with regard to feral frontman stunts and provocative stage banter while harnessing world-historical power from his limited but powerful voice. His nearly 40-year solo career has had some high points (The Idiot, Lust for Life, New Values, Zombie Birdhouse, Leaves of Grass, the recent LP of Walt Whitman poem readings set to German electronic music by Tarwater and Alva Noto) and many downers, but even this late in the game, Iggy is a riveting onstage presence, his body still sinewy, his voice a deadpan hammer. Mr. Pop's new album with Josh Homme, Post Pop Depression, flaunts amiably grouchy. medium-heavy rock that pales beside his late buddy David Bowie's Blackstar, but it's a respectable late-career effort. DAVE SEGAL

An Evening with Steve Hackett

(Neptune, all ages) I know the kids try hard to get "out there" with their math rock, beards, and droning experimental jamsbut tonight, guitarist and actual crafter of progressive rock Steve Hackett will be bringing it like it ought to be brought. And, yes, during the early 1970s he was guitarist for Genesis. Um, the early '70s was Genesis's progressive period, not the loved/hated Phil Collins-fronted biz. From what I gather, Hackett's set list promises to include songs from across his extensive solo catalog, a few from his latest, and surprisingly engaging and relevant album, Wolflight, along with

some select Genesis jams like "The Lamb Lies Down on Broadway" and "The Musical Box." MIKE NIPPER

Satan, Skelator, Substratum, Gatekeeper, Nox Velum

(Highline) British heavy-metal lifers Satan never got their due in the 1980s. They broke up after releasing one now-legendary classic album, Court in the Act, while their peers Iron Maiden and Def Leppard rose to international superstardom. The internet has offered Satan a second life and a younger, more rabid fan base. In the past three years, they've released two records as good as their old standard, and have toured the United States twice. Satan's latest, Atom by Atom cuts dexterous performances with uniquely intelligent lyrics. Two of Seattle's finest classic-style heavy-metal bands, Skelator and Substratum, each worth the price of admission alone, will open. JOSEPH SCHAFER

TUESDAY 3/29

Joanna Newsom, Robin Pecknold

(Paramount, all ages) Has there ever been a more divisive figure among a listenership not particularly known for its divisiveness? Newsom's many singularities—her hyperlyrical polysyllabic lyrics, that voice, those dense epics she calls songs—don't readily lend themselves to listeners who enjoy a more utilitarian relationship with their tunes. Her new album, Divers, concentrates those singularities into an hour-long but effectively endless loop of Newsomness. It's got The Milk-Eyed Mender's obsession with folk and general pluckiness. Ys's dramatic and dreamlike

narrative arcs, and Have One on Me's pianodriven Opry ditties. So if you're one of those demurring detractors, this one won't be for you. I'd only like to assert that, for me, close attention to Newsom's efforts repays study in spades and hearts and diamonds. However, no matter your position, can't nobody walk away with their jaw hinged tight after watching Newsom play the harp with the amount of physicality and concentration she brings to the task, like some marathon runner made of music. RICH SMITH

Weedeater, Author & Punisher, Today Is the Day, Lord Dying

(Highline) "Industrial" was a pretty apt description for those early musical renegades who employed electronics, dissonance, and lockstep percussion to channel their disenfranchisement with modernity. What better way to fight your enemy than by using their tools? But somewhere along the way, these approaches morphed into more accessible realms of club music or ham-fisted heavy rock. Sonic/visual artist Tristan Shone reminds us of early industrial music's tactile approach and bleak worldview with his oneman project Author & Punisher. Surrounded by a steel fortress of hand-built contraptions, Shone physically hammers out guttural low-end riffs and militaristic beats capable of collapsing new buildings across Capitol Hill. You'd also be foolish to miss out on the gamut of grimy underground metal offered up by Weedeater, Today Is the Day, and Lord Dying. **BRIAN COOK**

Mobb Deep, Slightly Fragrant, Nick Weaver, Ayo Dot & the **Uppercuts, DJ Swervewon**

(Nectar) On March 12, GOP presidential candidate Donald Trump found himself in the middle of a rowdy rally. He was trying

to maintain his cool when suddenly someone tried to climb onto the stage. Trump went from royal indifference to fear for his life in a split second. As security guards stormed the stage, Trump trembled like a little animal in a dark and deep forest. Now a man going by the Twitter handle the BURB-SLIFE described this moment of utter fear. which was transformed into a popular GIF as "Shook Ones Part 3," which is, of course, a reference to the Mobb Deep's gangster-rap classic "Shook Ones Part 2." To use the words of Mobb Deep, a NYC duo that produced several classics on three albums released in the 1990s and one in the '00s with the G Unit: Trump was "feeling closer to God in a tight situation." CHARLES MUDEDE

Field Music, Hazel English, **Nolan Garrett**

(Crocodile, all ages) Plagued by a name that repels curiosity (mine, anyway), Field Music actually create an interesting strain of low-key, progressive indie rock. The English group—led by former Futureheads members Peter and David Brewis—traffic in unflashy yet surprisingly structured compositions that carry something of Tortoise's subliminally pretty melodic heft and the Canterbury scene's grasp of tricky time signatures. Last year's Music for Drifters soundtracked a 1929 film titled Drifters, about the UK's herring fishing industry, but it's sleek, gnomic rock, not old-timey between-the-wars fare. The new Commontime full-length pivots toward the sort of melodically brash, beauteous, and posh-voiced cosmopolitan pop of 1970s radio fixtures 10cc. Like that much more popular band, Field Music sneak deceptively challenging elements into songs that ostensibly sound like hits in a more intelligent world. It's so much better than Field Music's name.

DAVE SEGAL







Northwest Record Show

BUY • SELL • TRADE Records, CD's, Tapes, Video, Memorabilia & more

Sunday, April 3rd

Seattle Center Pavilion Room



10am-4pm • Admission \$3 (\$2 with food item to benefit Northwest Harvest)

Please help Northwest Harvest collect food for local food banks. Your food item worth \$1 off the price of admission. Non-perishable canned/boxed foods only.

> For more information call Mike: 206-850-2162

KARAOKE WITH HAUS OF KEEBLER / HOSTED BY ABBEY ROADS / MUSHING APP

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KARADKE WEDNESDAYS THUR 03/24 FRI 03/25 SIN FETISH NIGHT SAT 83/26 SAT 03/26 KISS OFF STIFFEDI TEA DANCE 03/27 THUR 03/31

84/01

SAT 84/82

JUN D'LANET MUI / X/O / 7777777 / PRES. BY UB FESTIVAL & NW FILM FORUM GOOD FRIDAY EDITION / EBM / INDUSTRIAL / GOTH / BJ SHANE / DJ EYKTAN A DRAG KING SHOW / ROMANTIC KINGS EDITION / PROCEEDS TO NW NETWORK QUEER WOMEN'S MONTHLY / SPRING ROMANCE EDITION / QUI HELP / QUI BMORE FREE EASTER SUNDAY / NO COVER / \$1 BEER BUST / DISCO BY DAMA DUB 6 PAYONE FALSE PROPHET PICTUREPLANE (NY) / OZMA OTACAVA (LUST STRENGTH) / DJ SHARLESE / DJ KATE **FOOLISM** PRESENTED BY MIND AT LARGE / MTBTZ / SENSASEAN / ALTESSE / HYDEF ARTHAUS 2.0 COSPLAY / LE HAUS DU MOM JEANS / HAUS OF MISFIT / HAUS OF JULIES WEDDING

BAR. NIGHTCLUB. MUSIC. | 1809 MINOR AVE | KREMWERK.COM | WED - SAT



THINGS TO DO MUSIC

All the Shows Happening This Week

strangerthingstodo.com > @SEAshows

★ = Recommended

All Ages

WED 3/23

LIVE MUSIC

© 88 KEYS Musicians' Jam, 8 pm, free

BARBOZA Rob Crow's Gloomy Place: Rob Crow and X Suns, 8 pm, \$13

BUCKLEY'S IN BELLTOWN Live Music: Guests, 8 pm CENTRAL SALOON

Guests, 9 pm CHOP SUEY Aesthetic Mess: Depth and Current, DJ Degenerate, and DJ

Odyssian, Rhine, and

Jermaine, 9 pm, \$5 CROCODILE Lotus Crush, Royal Bliss, Kristen Palmer, and Jimmy Nuge, 8 pm, \$17/\$20

EGAN'S JAM HOUSE Vocal Showcase, 7 pm, \$10 THE FUNHOUSE Mall Walk, Camp, Prison, and Jiu Jitsu, 9 pm, \$6-\$8

HIGH DIVE Mads Jacobsen, Ghost Train Trio, and Silverhands, 8:30 pm, \$6/\$8 HIGHLINE Wall of Ears.

déCollage, and The City Hall, 9:30 pm, \$7 * HOLLOW EARTH RADIO Magma Fest: Andrew Bernstein, Booker Stardrum, Bell's Roar, and PRETA TRIO,

J&M CAFE The Lonnie Williams Band, 8 pm, free O JAZZ ALLEY Tinsley Ellis,

KELLS Liam Gallagher NECTAR The Lil Smokies and Trout Steak Revival, 8 pm, \$10 NORTHWEST FILM FORUM

2016 'Path with Art' Spring Voices Showcase, 7-9 pm OHANA Live Island Music:

OLD RAINIER BREWERY Afro Latino Drum and Rhythm Circle/Class, 8 pm, \$10 donation

OWL N'THISTLE Justin and Guests, 9 pm, free

PARAGON Two Buck Chuck,

★ PARAMOUNT THEATRE Smashing Pumpkins and Liz Phair, 7:30 pm, \$43.50-

RENDEZVOUS Bop Alloy, LaRue, and Guests, 9:45 pm, \$10

★ SUNSET TAVERN Hunny, Wax Idols, and Hiding Place, 8 pm, \$10

TRACTOR TAVERN The HAPA Tour: Meiko, Marie Digby and Jessie Siren, 8 pm, \$15

JAZZ

8 pm. free

CENTURY BALLROOM Greg Ruby & the Rhythm Runners, 8 pm, \$15 CONOR BYRNE Happy

THE ROYAL ROOM Piano Starts Here, 7 pm, \$8-\$12 SARAJEVO LOUNGE Gypsy Jazz Music, 8 pm

Band, 7:30 pm, \$8

CHOP SUEY Aesthetic Mess: Depth and Current, DJ Degenerate, and DJ Jermaine, 9 pm, \$5 CONTOUR NuDe Wednesdays, 9 pm, free HAVANA Wicked & Wild: DJ SoulOne, ZJ Redman, and Selecta Element, free; \$5 after 10 p.m.

NEIGHBOURS Exposed **Q NIGHTCLUB** Oneman, My Nu Leng, and Benji B, 9

pm. \$11 STUDIO SEVEN Electric Wednesday: Guests

THURS 3/24

LIVE MUSIC

BARBOZA Heatwarmer, Great Spiders, and Honey Noble, 8 pm, \$8 BLUE MOON TAVERN Kurly Somthing, Very Serious, and Sleepy Genes

CAFE RACER Cosmopolites.

CENTRAL SALOON Charlie & The Rays and Ethan J Perry, 10 pm

CHOP SUEY Banners, The Moth & the Flame, and Pop Etc., 7 pm, \$15

★ COLUMBIA CITY THEATER Voices for Healing: Voices for Healing: Wanz, Lara Lavi, Patrick Porter, J B Nelson, Jordan Corbin, and Guests, 6 pm, \$10/\$12

CONOR BYRNE Vito and The One Eyed Jacks, 8 CROCODILE Sonhie Seiho

and Warlokk, 8 pm, \$16 **GHOSTFISH BREWING** COMPANY George Grissom

HIGH DIVE Artifice: The Mystic Vines, Dave Belzer & His Friends, A Raven Renaissance, and Alex Ivy, 8 pm, \$11/\$14 HIGHLINE Mechanismus

Presents The Blood of Others, Ghosts in the Graveyard, and Missing Witness, 9 pm, \$7-\$10 J&M CAFE True Romans, 8

KELLS Liam Gallagher KERRY/PONCHO HALL Greg Ruby and the Rhythm Runners, 8-10 pm, \$15

• O KEYARENA Bruce Spingsteen

★ KREMWERK Action Potential: JLin, x/o, and 7777777, 8 pm, \$10 LUCKY LIQUOR Adult

Books and Guests

NECTAR Jumaane Smith and Skerik's Bandalabra, 8 pm. \$10

NEUMOS Tonight Alive vs. Set it Off, 6:30 pm, \$18 RENDEZVOUS Fonzarelli Album Release, 9 pm, \$10 O THE ROYAL ROOM LOW

SEAMONSTER Marmalade.

SHOWBOX SODO August Burns Red and Between the Buried & Me. 6:30 pm.

THE SHOWBOX **IHeartWashingtonWine** Benefit Featuring Andy

\$25/\$28

★ SNOQUALMIE CASINO Tommy James and the Shondells, 6:30 pm **SUBSTATION** Bushcraft,

Trimtrab, The Luna Moth Era Coda, and Spiller, 7 pm TIM'S TAVERN Juan Soria TRACTOR TAVERN K's

TRIPLE DOOR MUSICQUARIUM LOUNGE Grant Schroff Trio, 8:30 pm

O VERA PROJECT

Trannysaurus Rox, Hit Bargain, Aries, and Aeon Fux, 8 pm, \$5-\$7

JAZZ

O TAZZ ALLEY Madeleine roux, 7:30 pm, \$40.50 MERRY/PONCHO HALL Greg Ruby & the Rhythm Runners, 8 pm, \$15

OSTERIA LA SPIGA Jazz at La Spiga: Guests, 7 pm PINK DOOR Bric-a-Brac,

O SHUGA JAZZ BISTRO Chris James Quartet, 7 pm TULA'S Tim Kennedy Trio and Jimmie Herrod, 7:30 pm, \$8

DJ

BALLROOM Throwback Thursdays, 9 pm BALTIC ROOM Sugar Beat: CONTOUR Jaded: Guests

★ HAVANA Sophisticated Mama, free JAZZBONES College Night:

MERCURY Isolation: DJ Coldheart, \$3

NEIGHBOURS Revolution OHANA '80s Ladies Night O NIGHTCLUB Duke Dumont and Guests, 9 pm R PLACE Thirsty Thursdays THERAPY LOUNGE Therapy

TRINITY Beer Pong Thursdays

CLASSICAL

 BENAROYA HALL Rimsky-Korsakov Scheherazade: Seattle Symphony, \$21-\$121

FRI 3/25

LIVE MUSIC 88 KEYS Dueling Piano Show, 8 pm, free

@ AMANDINE BAKESHOP BAINBRIDGE PERFORMING ARTS

Amadeus, \$27 BARBOZA Nap Eyes and Cian Nugent, 7 pm, \$10

BLACK LODGE Stickers, Wimps, VHS, Casual Hex, Stucko, and Toyota, 9 pm BLUE MOON TAVERN Red CAFE RACER Hell Raisers

CENTRAL SALOON

Blame the Wizards, The Deadrones, and Spit in The Well, 9 pm **★ CHAPEL PERFORMANCE**

SPACE Strategy, Timm Mason, and Randy Jones, 8 pm, \$5-\$15 donation CHINA HARBOR Orquesta la Solucion, 9:30 pm, \$15

CHOP SUEY Chairlift and Guests, 8 pm. \$17/\$20 COLUMBIA CITY THEATER Sarah Neufeld, The Ridge, and Eartheater, 8 pm

CONOR BYRNE The Knast, The Reverberations, and The Crush, 9 pm, \$8 O CROCODILE

Shearwater, Cross Record, and OAZI, 8 pm. \$13 EGAN'S JAM HOUSE Joanne

Klein and Kate Loitz, 7 pm, \$15, Charles Crowley and Delilah Beaucoup, 9 pm, \$15 HIGH DIVE American

Island, Money Pit, Tape Stacks, and Failure Machine, 9 pm, \$10/\$12

HIGHLINE Lycus, Un Hissing, and Eye of Nix, 9 pm, \$10-\$12

HOLLOW EARTH RADIO Magma Fest: Glossophonic Showcase, 8 pm

LO-FI Star Anna, Brad Yaeger, Jack Rainwater, and lan McKagan, 9 pm LUCKY LIQUOR Mean Jeans, The Primate 5, Dead

Bars, and Tough Times, 9 pm, \$10 NECTAR Sammy J. Tenelle

nd The Late Ones, 7 pm **NEUMOS** Bag Raiders and

Plastic Plates, 8 pm, \$18 THE ROYAL ROOM

Bonneville Power and Planet Flv. 8:30 pm. \$10 O SALSA CON TODO Salsa con Todo Drop-In Classes

and Social Dance: Guests, 8 pm. \$5-\$20 SEAMONSTER Live Funk:

Guests, 10 pm, free **THE SHOWBOX** Greensky Bluegrass, 8 pm, \$20/\$25 SKYLARK CAFE & CLUB

Terrasone, Manson's Girls, Mammoth Salmon, and Teacher, 9 pm, \$7 SUBSTATION the Hague, Au Revoir, and They Rise We Die, 7 pm

SUNSET TAVERN the Mynabirds, 9 pm, \$12

TIM'S TAVERN The New Method Blasters and Guests

TRACTOR TAVERN Hot Buttered Rum and Front Country, 9 pm, \$15 TRIPLE DOOR
MUSICQUARIUM LOUNGE
The True Romans, 8:30

pm, free ★ ② VERA PROJECT Porches, Alex G, and Your Friend, 7 pm, \$13/\$15

WASHINGTON CENTER FOR THE PERFORMING
ARTS Black Box Jazz: Ariel Calabria, 8 pm, \$27

JAZZ

LATONA PUB Phil Sparks

O PARAMOUNT THEATRE Hot Java Cool Jazz, 7 pm, \$27

TULA'S Stephanie Porter Ouintet, 7:30 pm, \$16

ASTON MANOR Cabaret Fridays: Guests

BALLROOM Rendezvous Friday: Guests, 9 pm BALMAR Top 40: Guests,

* BALTIC ROOM Juicy: 90s & 2000s Old School Throwbacks, \$10

★ CUFF DJs, 10 pm, free HAVANA Viva Havana: Soul One, Sean Cee, Curtis, Nostalgia B, and DV One, 9

pm, \$11 JAZZBONES Filthy Fridays: Guests, 11 pm, \$10 **NEIGHBOURS** Absolut

Fridays, 9 pm

OHANA DJs, 10 pm, free ozzie's DJs, 9 pm, free O NIGHTCLUB Icon Fridays

Bgeezy, Conner Thomas, DNA, Drew, and Koister, 10 pm, \$10 R PLACE Swollen Fridays

9 pm **STOUT** DJ ePop, 9 pm THERAPY LOUNGE Under Pressure, 9:30 pm, \$3 after 10:30 p.m.

TRINITY Power Fridays, \$0-\$10

CLASSICAL

O BENAROYA HALL Rimsky Korsakov Scheherazade: Seattle Symphony, \$21-\$121

SAT 3/26

LIVE MUSIC

88 KEYS Dueling Piano Show, 8 pm, free BAINBRIDGE Amadeus, \$27

THINGS TO DO All the Shows Happening This Week

BARBOZA Brothers in Law, Crescendo, and Deer Park, 7 pm, \$8

★ BLACK LODGE Magma Fest: Lavender Country, Rae Spoon, Milita Etheridge, and Lavender and Her Butch Blinders, 8 pm

★ BLUE MOON TAVERN Diminished Men, Alvarius B, and Crones of Chaos

CAFE RACER WMD, 9 pm CENTRAL SALOON Legion Within, Murder Vibes, In Black, and DJ Wives, 8 pm, \$5

★ CHAPEL PERFORMANCE SPACE Zero-G: Tempered Steel, Driftwood Orchestra, and Empty Boat, 7:30 pm, \$5-\$15 donation

CLUB HOLLYWOOD CASINO Johnny and the Bad Boys and DJ Becka Page, 9 pm, \$5

CONOR BYRNE The Crying Shame, The Harmed Brothers, and Guests, 9 pm, \$8

© CROCODILE A Great Big World and Genevieve. 8 pm, \$20

EGAN'S JAM HOUSE Carolyn Magoon and Helene Smart, 7 pm, \$15, Arnaldo! Drag Chanteuse and The Sirens Of Swing, 9 pm, \$15

@ EL CORAZON Reverend Bear and Blood Hot Heat, 8 pm

THE FUNHOUSE Full Toilet. The Atom Age, The Falcons of Fine Dining, and The Chris & Tad Show, 9:30 pm, \$7-\$10

HIGH DIVE '80s Invasion, 9 pm, \$10/\$12

LO-FI Big World Breaks,

NAKED CITY BREWERY & TAPHOUSE Simon Kornelis and Guests, 8 pm. \$10

NECTAR Ethan Tucker Band, Longstride, and Spiritual Rez, 8 pm, \$10, Dylan Hughes and Heather Thomas, 8:30 pm

★ NEPTUNE THEATRE Thao & the Get Down Stay Down and Car Seat Headrest, 9

• NEUMOS Geographer and The Crookes, 8 pm, \$15

O PANTAGES THEATER

Peter Frampton O PARAMOUNT THEATRE Loreena McKennitt, 8 pm,

\$41.25-\$91.25 RENDEZVOUS Missoni Lanza, Matty Charles & Katie Rose, and Adena

Atkins, 8 pm, \$6/\$8 THE ROYAL ROOM SV and Freudian Slurp, Mixed Bag: the Drop Shadows. 7:30 pm 10 pm

THE SHOWBOX The Floozies, SunSquabi, and Sugar Beats, 9 pm, \$15/\$18 SKYLARK CAFE & CLUB Red Martian, The Almost Faithful, and Wild English,

9 pm, \$7 SLIM'S LAST CHANCE Groove Surfers, 9 pm

★ SUBSTATION Golden Gardens, Jupe Jupe, and Wind Burial, Pacific Echoes, Shayna Rain, and Guests, 9 pm, \$10

SUNSET TAVERN Quilt and Lures, 9 pm, \$10 TIM'S TAVERN Sunsets

West, John Paul and the Apostles, and Kangaroo Boy TRACTOR TAVERN An 'Octagon' Album Release Party, 9 pm, \$15

JAZZ

 BYRNES PERFORMING
 ARTS CENTER Orrin Evans Trio, 7:30 pm, \$15

DJ

ASTON MANOR NRG Saturdays: Guests BALLARD LOFT Hiphor BALLROOM Sinful Saturdays, 9 pm BALMAR Top 40 Night: Guests, 9:30 pm, free BALTIC ROOM Crave

Saturdays, 10 pm

BARBOZA Inferno, 10:30

pm, \$5 before midnight/\$10 after

BUCKLEY'S IN BELLTOWN 90s Dance Party, 9 pm **CHOP SUEY** Dance Yourself Clean, 9 pm, \$5

CORBU LOUNGE Saturday Night Live ★ CUFF DJs, 10 pm, free GAINSBOURG Voulez-Vous

Boogaloo, 10 pm HAVANA Havana Social: Nostalgia B, Curtis, Soul One, Sean Cee, and DV

One, 9 pm, \$15 KREMWERK Kiss Off: Spring Romance: DJ Help

and BMore Free, 10 pm, \$5 until 11 pm/\$7 after MERCURY Machineries of Jov: DJ Hana Solo, \$5

MONKEY LOFT Diggin Deep: DJ Onionz, Jordan Strong, Aarta, and Guests, Last 10 pm

NEIGHBOURS Powermix: DJ Randy Schlager OHANA DJ s, 10 pm, free

OZZIE'S DJs, 9 pm, free R PLACE Therapy Saturday:

* RE-BAR Grounded One Year Anniversary: Frank & Tony, 10:30 pm, \$15

SARAIEVO LOUNGE an/Balkan/Greek Night: Guests

STOUT DJ ePop, 9 pm THERAPY LOUNGE This Modern Love: Guests TRINITY Reload Saturdays,

VERMILLION Spread Thick: Frank Jake, Domenica, Thad Wenatchee, and Howie,

THE WOODS Juicebox: Sean Cee and Bluevedsoul

CLASSICAL

 BENAROYA HALL Rimsky-Korsakov Scheherazade: Seattle Symphony, \$21-\$121. Beethoven's Fourth Symphony: Seattle Philharmonic Orchestra, 2 pm, free-\$30

O STEINWAY PIANO

SUN 3/27

LIVE MUSIC

BARBOZA French Horn Rebellion and Mystery Skulls, 8 pm, \$13

BLUE MOON TAVERN Western Tilt

★ CHOP SUEY Kill the Keg!: Sayonara, Dead Spells, Post Boredom, and Quid Quo, 3 pm, \$6

COLUMBIA CITY THEATER
Church of HONK!: A Brassy Easter Service, 5 pm, \$8

CROCODILE The Pizza Pulpit: season of strangers and Hannah Racecar, 6:30 pm, free, Curtis Young, Mack & Dub, and The Smokin Section, 7 pm, \$20

O EL GAUCHO Paul Richardson, 6 pm, free **THE FUNHOUSE** Go!Zilla, Actionesse, Tamar Aphek, and Big White, 9 pm, \$8 HIGH DIVE Ned Garthe Explosion, The Blind Pets, Tres Leches, and Diomedes 8:30 pm, \$6/\$8

HIGHLINE Murder in the Wood, Absolutely Not, The Baby Magic, and The Know Nothingz, 9:30 pm, \$7

KELLS Liam Gallagher KREMWERK Activia Benz, Slugabed, Sega Bodega, Grimecraft, and Air Max 97,

LATONA PUB Wildhares, LO-FI Beverly Crusher, Killer

Ghost, Gang Cult, and the Dumps, 8 pm, \$7 SEAMONSTER Spring Fever, 4-6 pm, Free Entry

SUNSET TAVERN HINDS, Chastity Belt, and Cotillon, 8 pm

TIM'S TAVERN Kirsten Silva's Seattle Songwriter Showcase: Guests

TRACTOR TAVERN The Western Red Penguins, Cold Comfort, and James Anaya & The Current, 7 pm, \$8

O VERA PROJECT Prawn, Weatherbox, and Enem 7:30 pm, \$10/\$12

JAZZ

THE ANGRY BEAVER The Beaver Sessions, free

DARRELL'S TAVERN Sunday Night Jazz Jam, 8 pm, free Nova: Dina Blade, 6 pm,

OSTERIA LA SPIGA Jazz at La Spiga: Guests, 7 pm

THE ROYAL ROOM An Evening with Holly Bowling, 8 pm, \$12/\$15

SHUGA JAZZ BISTRO Shuga Sundays, 7:30 pm

* © TULA'S Jim Cutler Jazz Orchestra, 7:30 pm, \$8

DJ

BALTIC ROOM Resurrection Sundays, 10 pm

CENTRAL SALOON Metal Brunch: DJ Joe Grindo and DJ Ryan Schutte, 11 am, \$10 CONTOUR Broken Grooves:

CORBU LOUNGE Salsa Sundays: DJ Nick, 9 pm KREMWERK Stiffed Easter Sunday Tea Dance, 4-9 pm MERCURY Mode: DJ Trent

NEIGHBOURS Noche Latina: DJ Luis and DJ Polo PONY TeaDance, 4 pm

R PLACE Homo Hop: Guests ★ RE-BAR Flammable: DJ Weslev Holmes, Xan Lucero, and Guests, 9 pm, \$10

* REVOLVER BAR No Exit: DJ Vi, noon

CLASSICAL

O SEATTLE PUBLIC **LIBRARY** Shakespeare Folio Exhibit: Byrd Ensemble,

CATHEDRAL Compline Choir, 9:30 pm, free

MON 3/28

LIVE MUSIC

88 KEYS Blues On Tap, 7 pm, free CAPITOL CIDER EntreMundos, 9:30 pm

COLUMBIA CITY THEATER The Premium Blend Tour: SeaNote, Restless Vocals and 2020 A Cappella, 8 pm, \$10-\$17

CONOR BYRNE Bluegrass Jam, 8:30 pm, free O CROCODILE Into It. Over

It., The World is a Beautiful Place, and I Am No Longer Afraid To Die, 6:30 pm, \$15 O EL CORAZON B. Dolan

and Buddy Peace, 8 pm, \$12-\$15 **6 EL GAUCHO** Paul Richardson, 6 pm, free

★ HIGHLINE Satan, Skelator, Substratum, Gatekeeper, and Nox Velum, 9 pm, \$10-\$12 KELLS Liam Gallagher

LUCKY LIQUOR Sid Law MOORE THEATRE Warren Haynes and The Ashes & **Dust Band and Jonathan** Tyler, 7:30 pm, \$30-\$40

* NEPTUNE THEATRE A Evening with Steve Hackett, 8 pm, \$45 NEUMOS White Denim and Sam Cohen, 8 pm, \$16

★ PARAMOUNT THEATRE lggy Pop, 8 pm, \$61.25-\$81.25

THE ROYAL ROOM The Salute Sessions: Billy Strayhorn, Jim Knapp Orchestra and Cornish Jazz Ensemble, 7:30 pm, 10 pm SUNSET TAVERN East Cameron Folkcore, Squirrel Butter, and Ben Ballinger, 8 pm, \$8

TRACTOR TAVERN Monday Night Square Dance, 8 pm, \$7

TRIPLE DOOR MUSICQUARIUM LOUNGE Crossrhythm Sessions, 9

O VERA PROJECT Mothers,

All Dog, and Neighbors, 7:30 pm, \$8/\$10

JAZZ

ANGEL OF THE WINDS O TAZZ ALLEY Twelfth nual Seattle-Kobe Female Jazz Vocalist Audition, 6 pm, \$15 TULA'S Jory Tindall Presents Diametric, 7:30 pm, \$10

BALTIC ROOM Jam Jam, 9 pm

BAR SUE Motown on Mondays, 10 pm, free

★ THE HIDEOUT Industry

★ MOE BAR Moe Bar Monday, 10 pm, free

TUE 3/29

LIVE MUSIC 88 KEYS Seatown Allstars, 8

pm, free CAFE RACER Jacobs Posse ★ CHOP SUEY Breez Talent Show, 8 pm

CONOR BYRNE Country Dancing Night, 9 pm

* © CROCODILE Field Music, Hazel English, and Nolan Garrett, Magna Carda, COSMOS, and Turtle T. 7 pm. \$5, 8 pm. \$12 EL CORAZON Verb Slingers Guests, 3 pm

• THE FUNHOUSE Mild High Club and Freak Heat Waves, 7:30 pm, \$7-\$10 HIGH DIVE High Notes, Low Morals: Opera on Tap, 7:30 pm, \$5

* HIGHLINE Weedeater Author & Punisher, Today is the Day, and Lord Dying, 9 pm, \$14-\$16

J&M CAFE All-Star Acoustic Tuesdays: Guests, 9 pm, free **KELLS** Liam Gallagher

NECTAR Mobb Deep, Slightly Flagrant, Nick Weaver, Ayo Dot & The Uppercuts, and DJ Swervewon, 8 pm, \$18 **NEUMOS** San Fermin and Esmé Patterson, 7:30 pm, \$15

PARAGON You Play Tuesday: Guests, 8 pm, free

★ PARAMOUNT THEATRE Joanna Newsom and Robin Pecknold, 7:30 pm, \$30-\$40 SEAMONSTER McTuff Trio.

SUBSTATION Crunk Witch and Shubzilla 10 pm SUNSET TAVERN Milk & Bone, 8 pm, \$12

O VERA PROJECT Sunflower Bean, 7 pm, \$10/\$12

JAZZ

• JAZZ ALLEY Davina & The Vagabonds, 7:30 pm, \$25.50 OWI. N'THISTI.E lazz with

★ THE ROYAL ROOM Delvon Lamarr, 10 pm, donation

TULA'S Critical Mass Big Band, 7:30 pm, \$10

DJ

BALTIC ROOM Drum & Bass

Tuesdays, 10 pm ★ BLUE MOON TAVERN Blue Moon Vinyl Revival Tuesdays, 8 pm, free CONTOUR Burn: Voodoo, 9

CORBU LOUNGE Club NYX Wave & Goth, 10 pm, \$5 ★ HAVANA Real Love '90s, \$3; free before 11 p.m.

★ **LO-FI** Stop Biting: Introcut, 9 pm, \$5 MERCURY Die: Black Maru NEIGHBOURS Pump It Up: Voque: DJ Lightray

ROB ROY Analog Tuesdays:

Guests, free CLASSICAL

O TRINITY PARISH
CHURCH Beauty of Nature/

Beauté de l'artifice: Music of the English and French Baroque: Nootka Rose Ensemble, 7:30 pm, \$10-\$25









UP AND COMING: 4/28 BULLETBOYS 4/30 DEVIL DRIVER 5/8 DEICIDE 5/10 DYING FETUS, THE ACACIA STRAIN 5/12 TRACII GUNS 5/15 SOULFLY, SUFFOCATION 6/1 ANTI NOWHERE LEAGUE 6/3 DISCHARGE/ EYE HATE GOD 6/14 AMERICAN HEAD CHARGE





APRIL 1 8:00PM

MARCH 25 | 8:00PM

MARCH 26 9:00PM

MARCH 30 | 8:00PM

APRIL 8 9:00PM

ARRANGINGTIME TOUR

APRIL 12 8:30PM

APRIL 15 9:00PM

SHOWBOX SODO

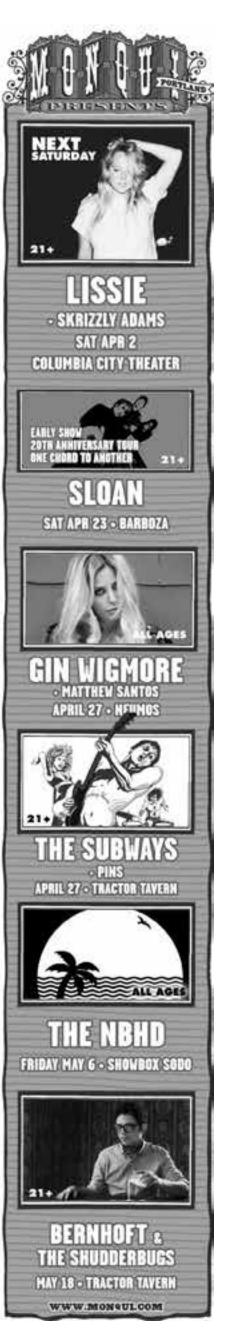
AUGUST BURNS RED + BETWEEN THE BURIED AND ME

APRIL 8 9:00PM

with FRANK TURNER + THE SLEEPING SOULS

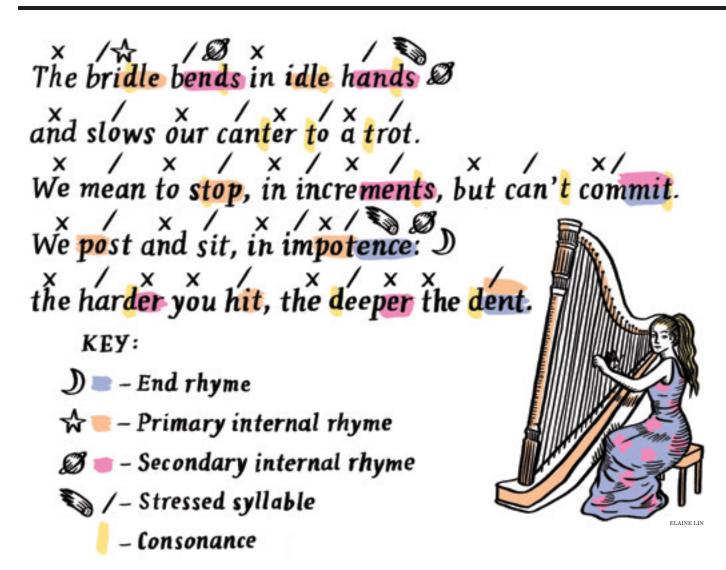
AUGUST 1 8:30PM

Get tickets at axS.com SHOWBOXPRESENTS.COM









The Deeper You Dive, the More There Is to Joanna Newsom's Music

BY RICH SMITH

oanna Newsom's music tends to flummox the casual listener. It's not good background music (too dynamic), not good work music (too wordy), not good exercise music (where's that four-on-the-floor beat?).

It's good music music, the kind that compels you to give it an old-fashioned bedroom sit-and-listen, the kind you think about and wrestle with and return to and wonder about.

Joanna Newsom

w/Robin Pecknold

Tues March 29, Paramount,

7:30 pm, \$30-\$40, all ages

Newsom's four albums offer two increasingly rare rewards: the pleasure of working for your leisure and the satisfaction of appreciating a well-made thing. The more at-

tention you pay to her music and lyrics, the more lavishly you're rewarded. This may be why she's been so totally embraced by the people who automatically love her music, and so flippantly dismissed by those who don't. The joys of Joanna Newsom aren't utilitarian. But I'm here to tell you that they are profound, in both senses of the word. And worth celebrating.

Divers, her latest LP, seems to radiate with meaning, but the heat rises from the cold core of the album's abstruse concept: nonlinear space time—the idea that time is not a measure of increments progressing

forever forward, but rather a dimension bound by space.

When Einstein collapsed time into space, the logic supporting some of our deepest beliefs collapsed with it. If, as Newsom sings in "Waltz of the 101st Lightborne," "You and I ceased to mean Now / and began to mean only Right Here," then where do we go from there? How now should we conceive of the past, present, and future? More ter-

restrial corollaries: If time is only a function of space and not a concept that includes the eternal, then suddenly the idea that love transcends time doesn't seem like such a

big deal. And is it possible to ever feel truly settled in this universe?

Newsom's most astounding talent is to ground these abstractions in vignettes we can see and feel, and, even more impressively, to embed that imagery within the harmonic and rhythmic architecture of her songs.

Take a quick peek at "Sapokanikan," the first single from *Divers*. In the song, Newsom tries to reconcile the human desire to be remembered and adored with colonial expressions of that same impulse. Every image she employs in the song involves the past reemerging despite someone's earlier effort to

cover it up. She references bones discovered beneath the proudly bohemian Washington Square Park, which was plunked down on an old "potter's field" (burial ground) that serviced New York's poor between 1797 and 1826. Prior to that, the plot had been a Lenape Indian village. She also mentions King Tamanend, whose name "inspired" that of Tammany Hall, ground zero for Democratic

political corruption in the 19th and early 20th

Painters cover women's faces and names with layers of grass, and male faces are painted over "what the scholars surmise was a mother and kid." At

all turns, the efforts to erase the past are only temporarily successful. One way or another—time, curiosity, development—the traces of history return, as if to remind us that we'll never be remembered the way we'd like to be. (And, as if the immemorial message weren't clear enough, the final line echoes the poem alluded to in the first line, "Look and despair/look and despair.")

Newsom expresses this intricate series of ideas with an equally intricate rhyme scheme.

The first verse interlaces internal rhyme with end rhyme so that the last three end rhymes stitch back to the first three internal ones. The first five lines in the song go:

The cause is Ozymandian.
The map of Sapokanikan
is sanded and beveled,
the land lone and leveled
by some unrecorded and powerful hand

You can hear the internal rhyme in Cause/Oz, map/Sap, sand/land, etc., and the end rhyme is obviously andian/anikan and beveled/leveled. This exact same pattern continues in the next four lines:

which plays along the monument, and drums, upon a plastic bag, the Brave Men and Women, So Dear to God and Famous to All of the Ages rag.

"Hand" reaches back to "land" and "sand." "Mon-" from "monument" returns to the "Oz" from "Ozymandian." "God" returns to "Cause." And "bag" and "rag" recall "map" and "Sap." It's a rhyme scheme I've never seen before, a kind of ouroboros structure that maps perfectly onto Newsom's notion of an ever-reemerging but slightly altered past.

called up Newsom and asked whether this analysis was legitimate or if I was just going crazy. She said I had correctly identified a pattern, but added that the structure of "Sapokanikan," whose complexity so impressed me, wasn't as intricate as another song on the album, "Leaving the City."

"At least all of those various rhyme considerations [in 'Sapokanikan'] lined up along the same musical meter," she said. "['Leaving the City'] has the rhyme at the end of each line and the internal rhymes that follow one meter, and a secondary set of internal rhymes that sort of quietly annunciate a contrary meter that's overlaid on the first meter." She also said she "overlaid a contrary musical meter" on top of all that, and that I had to be "conscious of the sublimated contrary meter in order to trace the rhyme."

The rhyme scheme for that song was so complicated that she had to create a chart to trace it: "I had a little key," she said. "So there was like a crescent moon and a square and a heart and a diamond representing the differ-

After I swept up

the bits of my blown

mind from the floor,

I returned to Diver's

liner notes.

ent considerations. The heart represents this one particular consideration of rhyme, the diamond represents a different consideration of rhythm, and here's the secondary rhyme and here's the tertiary rhyme. Sometimes

they would overlap, and that was a fun little puzzle. I'd have to go back and change what led up to it for all the different imperatives to agree."

After I swept up the bits of my blown mind from the floor, I returned to *Divers*' liner notes, considered the chorus of "Leaving the City," and tried to reconstruct part of her chart. The result is the illustration at the top of this page (with apologies to Newsom and gratitude to Elaine Lin).

NEUMOS

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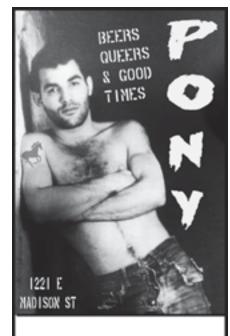
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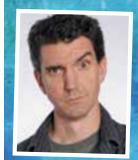
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◀ Like Newsom said, she's got a bunch of different rhyme patterns going on: an end rhyme, a primary internal rhyme, a secondary internal rhyme, and a consonance pattern that weaves voiced and unvoiced consonant pairs (in this case, D sounds, T sounds, K sounds, G sounds, and L sounds). All of that's layered on top of an iambic tetrameter (pretty standard ballad measure), which is altered by a few meaningful substitutions and added measures.

I'm lost when it comes to musical meter, and so I asked musicologist Nate Sloan about it. He told me the insistent drum beat of the chorus is in 4/4, but Newsom's vocal and accompanying electric guitar suggest 3/4 time, providing a clever, subtle rhythmic tension that animates the section. The harp notes tend to sound on the unstressed syllables in the lyrics, which I think adds to the tension Sloan's talking about.

But why is all that tension necessary?

"Leaving the City" is about the age-old conflict between country life and city life. If you want "fame and credentials," which you do, you have to live in the city and "bleach your collar" and pay a lot for rent, both financially and—if we remember our lesson from "Sapokanikan"—culturally. Living in the country affords the simplicity of "gold fields," "pale clouds," and "red barns," but it's also where the scythe does its reaping.

"I think that words are magical."

Plus, frankly, it's boring. Or, as Newsom puts it: "The spirit will rend, in counting toward the end.'

Newsom evokes the chaos of the city with a sonically hectic chorus. A rock band might have done it by smashing a guitar and introducing more discordant sounds. But Newsom's point about cities is subtler and more interesting than that. A city's apparent chaos is composed of layers and layers and layers of systems engineered against chaos. Every once in a while, those systems, like the rhythmic and metric considerations in Newsom's songs, come together to sound a single harmony: New York City, San Francisco, Seattle. When your own internal systems are added to that larger convergence, and you feel, finally, like a Seattleite, a New Yorker, a San Franciscan—that's what makes cities so seductive, so impossible to leave.

And this is the real tension Newsom is both describing and enacting in the song.

If all she were doing was describing these ideas, Newsom would still be a major artist. But her real magic lies in the way she inscribes those ideas into the form and the sound of the music as well. By operating with such masterful ambition as both a writer and a composer, Newsom's music is a massive rejoinder to anyone who tells you that you think too much, or that pop music is a low form.

I asked Newsom why she goes to the trouble of constructing such elaborate musical structures

"The thing is, I don't know why," she said. "But... I do have a real belief that the exact right word—in terms of conveying meaning as efficiently and correctly and concisely as possible—will also be the word that agrees in terms of rhyme, musical weight, syllabic weight, beauty, and elegance. I think that words are magical. All of that effort is all about uncovering the word that is just sitting there waiting for you, and when you find it, it's like the equivalent of watching your team get a touchdown. It's just like WHOA. And you run in circles and say, 'Fuck yeah!'" ■

MY PHILOSOPHY A COLUMN ABOUT HIPHOP



MOBB DEEP Playing Nectar on Tuesday, March 29.

Welcome to My Nightmare (aka Capitol Hill on a Weekend)

BY LARRY MIZELL JR.

There were people

standing in line up

the block to get

into the Comet (I

quess they didn't

know about the ultra

above-top-secret

back way in).

broke my number-one rule and ended up on Capitol Hill on a weekend.

It started at Nacho Borracho, a place I've come to appreciate quite a bit. The amateurhour antics seem to decrease proportionate to the distance from the dreaded Pike/Pine corridor. The only rub at Nacho that night was a brogrammer in wraparound Johnny Cage

shades—possibly one of those guys who goes to "pickup artist seminars," but either way, he clearly had committed—beefing with somebody sitting in a booth, or at least complaining to the manager that the guy should move and let him and his friends sit there. Cats can't even passive-aggressive right.

The call was made to head for Pike Street, the beloved strip that went

from funny ha-ha to funny oh-no in no time. You know all this.

The toxic Bro and Becky activity was pitching up-distinguished gentleman Andrew Matson called it "Capitol Hill, the Ride." You must be this basic to ride. There were people standing in line up the block to get into the Comet (I guess they didn't know about the ultra above-top-secret back way in). I couldn't fathom why, since they don't do shows there no more.

The beer-pong-tourney vibe was strong (my old-guy senses told me we were among the new millennium's version of what I used to call "white hatters"), so I suggested our party head for Vermillion, one of the handful of spots in the vicinity guaranteed to have a minimum of first-year-out fuckpersons in attendance, and it didn't disappoint. It was Pad Pushers, an oasis of low-key head-nod bliss, away from the numbers.

At the door was Scratchmaster Joe, and at the bar as always was Wizdub, who very aptly compared the Comet scene to TGI Friday's. Among plenty other heads in the house, like the sharpshooter La and the professorial and sartorial gent Rik Rude, I

> ran into Marcus D and LaRue (who reports that he's about to vamoose back to Florida). Marcus (as one half of Bop Alloy) is playing with LaRue this week-on Wednesday, March 23, at the Rendezvous, in fact.

> Get off the Hill, give in, give up.

Speaking of, Mobb Deep are playing Nectar on Tuesday, March 29, and you'll recall that

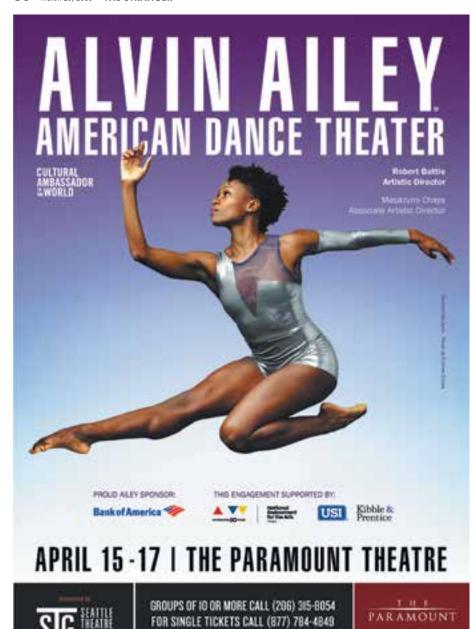
Scarface was just there. Always nice to see more rooms (again, off the Hill) booking dope hiphop headliners (I can't say a lot for the openers as of yet), though it is a bummer to see legends playing smaller and smaller rooms. But change is inevitable, and if young'uns ain't buying tickets, then us brittle old heads gotta support, provided that we can get sitters/permission/enough sleep to properly show up to our soul-killing drag of a job the next day. And if young rappers like Lil Uzi Vert don't wanna rap on '90s beats, maybe you old ones need to keep that classic vibe fresh and vital and not retread—and do it for those who appreciate it, and not worry about those who don't. ■

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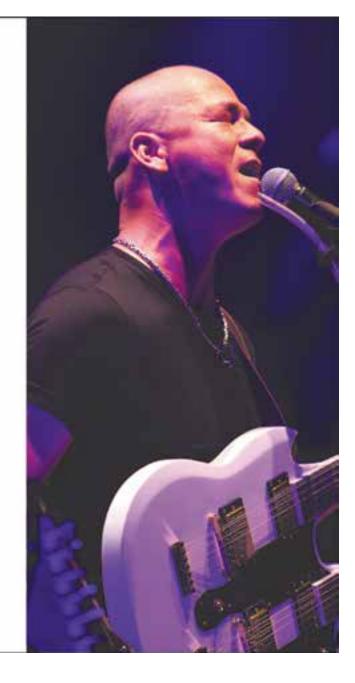
Featuring Uyghur musician Perhat Khaliq, a finalist from The Voice of China, whose eclectic work has been described as "overtone singing meets blues and folk, old desert songs meet rock and funk."

Photo: Mukaddas Mijit

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PAUL MCCARTHY Snow White and her prince bestride a horse at the Henry.

Paul McCarthy:

White Snow,

Wood Sculptures

Henry Art Gallery

Through Sept 11

Heigh-Ho, Heigh-Ho, I Mistrust Paul McCarthy's Snow White Sculptures (But I'm Not Saying Don't Go)

BY JEN GRAVES

efore we talk about Paul McCarthy's demented versions of Snow White figurines now at the Henry Art Gallery, let's go back to the erection of the hobbity bishop at fake-Ariel's wedding to the prince in the 1989 hit Disney movie $\mathit{The}\,\mathit{Little}$ Mermaid. You had to pause or slow down the movie to see the undeniable thing sprout for

a moment, forming a tiny little anti-monument that would become visible only in the era of home entertainment that followed.

At least one lawsuit was filed against Disney for the indiscre-

tion, but some of us found it amusing and the only enduring thing of any value in the movie. Rather than subliminally bullying us about not being prettier, chipperier, and younger, this was a moment when $\it The\ Little\ Mermaid$ was subliminally tipping us off that we had a mole inside that bully world of established norms, somebody who might take our side and even pervert the whole thing someday.

It is my understanding that McCarthy, the LA artist who until about 15 years ago was not a megastar of the art world, thinks of himself a little like that inside man, the one who will venture in after dark and rummage around the friendly-faced fascism of postwar American iconography. He'd muck things up so that we'd never see Snow White's red hair

bow and stiff high collar the same way again. Take that, norms.

And those of us who grew up steeped in the emotional and sexual repression of American culture—always full of fears that we only later realized were always of the wrong things, like being kidnapped at a Kmart or getting AIDS from a spoon—needed to hope that

such acts of perversion would be redemptive. Someday our Mc-Carthys would come.

They did come. They just didn't interrupt very much, and their surface victories ended up creating whole new problems.

McCarthy's sculptures are huge, gorgeously made monuments in wood. His work is "a program of resistance," he says, and the sculptures are the unmissable middle fingers pointed at the whole unchecked patriarchal capitalist enterprise. But McCarthy has enough money today that he bought a thousand acres in California to build his own B-movie studio, to become his own anti-Disney. As we're seeing in presidential election politics, "the whole thing" worth resisting turned out to be partly one thing and partly another. While social norms have moved visibly left in the last two decades. economic ones have silently sped right, and what's shocking now-especially if you're a Bernie Sanders voter—is the luxury and

excess of these astronomically expensive sculptures, not the subversive content on their surfaces.

Though I'm mistrustful of Paul McCarthu: White Snow, Wood Sculptures at the Henry, I see that it's also an epic display that can't help but make an impression. I'm not telling you not to go. $White\ Snow$ is a grouping of finely crafted black-walnut wood sculptures between 4 and 15 feet tall. arranged in a large open gallery at the bottom level of the museum like a knotty root system exposed to the air.

Each blown-up tchotchke distorts and perverts characters that originated in the Brothers Grimm fairy tale that Disney sanitized into its first full-length animated feature film. 1937's $Snow\ White\ and\ the\ Seven\ Dwarfs.$

McCarthy made his pieces by creating 3-D digital models, which he sent to the Walla Walla Foundry in Southeastern Washington. There, the workers, who one hopes whistled while they worked, operated a CNC router that cut the puzzle pieces of each sculpture out of the black walnut. Those were then glued together and hand sanded.

These surfaces are elaborately engineered marquetry. The wood is magnificent, and utterly subdued to the will of the artist. If there is a pornography on display, it's less the PGnography of swollen cartoon genitalia and more the fetishized spectacle of obsessive craftsmanship, of how much time, money, and domination it can take to produce refined things. Fine furniture, really, Kitsch plays a role. One of the sculptures is a seated, snow white Snow White with her lips suggestively wrapped around the torso of a dwarf so that she looks to be fellating his entire person. But the money shot is on the back side, where there's nothing sexual going on. It's the ornate pattern of the wood pieces so flawlessly, immaculately cut and joined to form Snow White's collar. That's the best custom hardwood floor you've ever seen. Who dusts these rococo monsters, anyway?

These sculptures were first displayed three years ago in New York, when McCarthy swept the city in a victory tour where he already looked like a retired runner weighed down by his old medals. He had six (six!) displays of his work in the city that year, 2013. The wood works were included, along with similar bronzes, drawings, and also a massive installation at the Park Avenue Armory that incorporated performance, video, and a nearly full-scale model of his childhood home.

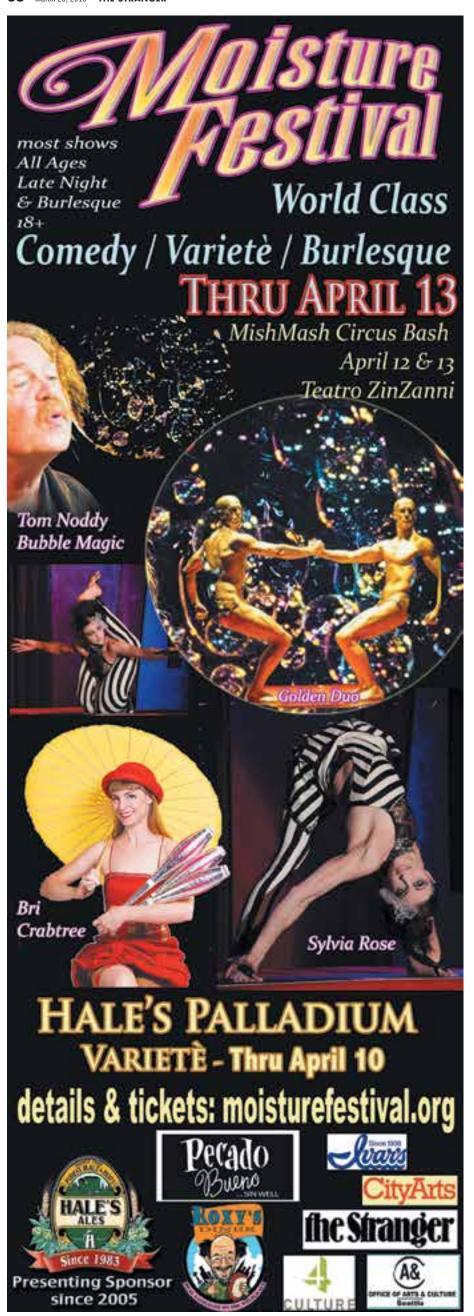
Maggie Nelson, in her book The Art of Cruelty, makes a compelling case for the liberatory power of McCarthy's performance videos, especially one in which he enacts extreme sexual abuse and rape within a nuclear family using doll parts and edibles like ketchup and mayonnaise. Their psychosexual anarchy is certainly anathema to McCarthy's own repressed upbringing in Salt Lake City. Those messy scenes are liberating because they're painful, and they're painful because their un-lifelike conditions defy the potential for catharsis. They allow pain its ongoing life, to reverberate and continue rather than to resolve in any way.

I sense that's what McCarthy is going for with his relentless replications of body parts in the White Snow wood sculptures. Heads multiply on top of themselves. Snow White melts into the substrate of tangled parts, or her face or arms are subsumed by merging with the Prince's head or torso. When her face is seen, it's usually head thrown back, mouth open in a howl that also forms the insensateedged, no-lipped void of a sex doll's mouth.

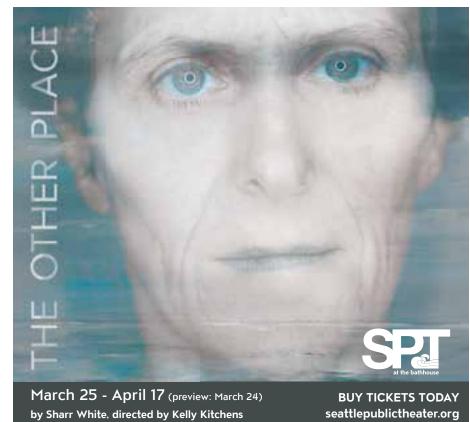
Every once in a while as I looked, my mistrust dropped, and I felt real, familiar, female pain emanating off of those debased tangles, recognizing me. I longed for those moments, not to be distracted by so much belabored, white-cube transgressing.

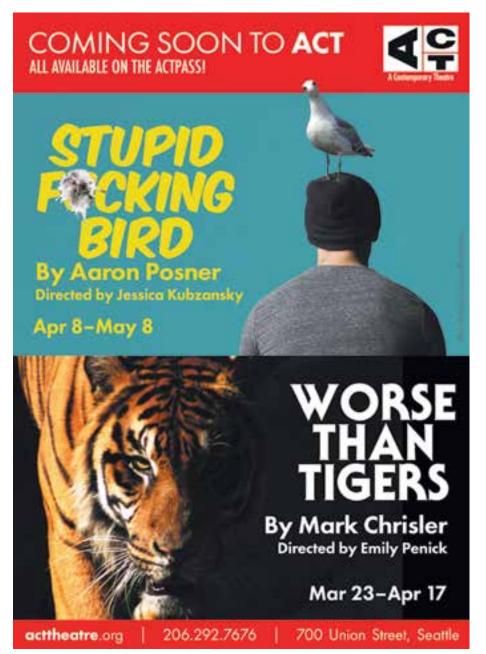
I went back and read a translation of the original Brothers Grimm story. There's more pain and absurdity there. For instance, the Prince doesn't wake Snow White with a kiss. His minions stumble over a tree stump when they're carrying off her coffin, and their stumbling dislodges the poison apple from her throat! (Has there ever been a better comedic bit about chivalry?) Then the jealous queen feels compelled to attend Snow White's wedding, and when she gets there, red-hot iron shoes are waiting for her. She has to put them on, and dance to death, "her tongue flicking in and out / like a gas jet," as Anne Sexton wrote, "Meanwhile Snow White held court, / rolling her china-blue doll eyes open and shut / and sometimes referring to her mirror / as

You look at this work and you can't really tell whether McCarthy is just another limousine feminist, whether this Prince is here as your partner or if you're just getting dropped on the ground and, by dumb luck, spitting out the poison apple. \blacksquare













ROGER GUENVEUR SMITH Interrogating Rodney King.

The Gospel According to Rodney King (According to Roger **Guenveur Smith)**

BY SEAN NELSON

Rodney King: Roger

Guenveur Smith

Langston Hughes

Performing Arts Institute

March 24-26

eger Guenveur Smith is a character actor who has been enlivening films for nearly 30 years. His presence as Smiley, the stuttering chorus of Spike Lee's Do the Right Thing, guaranteed him a fixed point on my radar screen for life, though in truth, it was his role as the conniving, pre-doomed Eddie in Bill Duke's $Deep\ Cover\ (1992)$ that made it clear Smith was a strikingly memorable talent I would never miss a chance to watch.

In September of 1997, Smith came to Seattle to perform his riveting solo show $A\ Huey$ P. Newton Story at On the Boards. The experience of seeing it has stayed with me ever since. "Changed my life" has become a corny platitude to describe things you enjoy, but Smith's

show became a benchmark to me. Few stage actors I've seen have come within a mile of Smith's expressive vitality, his utter command of the room, his astonishing verbal dexter-

ity (in terms of tempo, volume, pitch, timbre, force, and grace), and above all, his capacity as a writer-performer to harness those qualities in the service of a story that matters. Spike Lee, who cast Smith in several post-Smiley roles, made a film of the Newton show, which, despite being excellent, can never touch the sensation of being in the room that night.

Smith returns to Seattle this weekend with Rodney King, a very different show. He doesn't portray King the way he did Newton. Rather, he told me, the show is constructed as a "postmortem interrogation" and "journey through the many lives and times of Rodney King, which were abbreviated, unfortunately.'

I interviewed Smith on the phone last

week in advance of his return to Seattle.

Rodney King is a complex figure. He exists as a symbol, maybe the symbol, of being a victim of police brutality. Given the degree to which that is still such a syndrome in American life, it makes sense to deal with him dramatically, but because of the symbolic role he was thrust into-both during that disgusting video and after-it's hard to know who the man was. How do you approach him?

I'm trying to take my audience on a journey of discovery. The same one that I've been on since I opened up my laptop on Father's Day 2012 and saw that Rodney King had

> drowned in the bottom of his swimming pool.

For better or for worse, and mostly for worse, Rodney King has continued to be relevant. We just observed the

25th anniversary of his beating. The evening of March 3, 1991.

Along the way of this theatrical journey, I've shared with an international audience this extraordinary story of a rather ordinary man who was thrust into the international limelight, and who I think gave one of the great American speeches when he asked us, "Can we all get along?" You forget that in the course of that speech, he answered his own question—in the affirmative. He said, "Yes we can. We can get along." How extraordinary it was for him to stand there, brain damaged, and drunk, and disappointed, and shell-shocked, PTSD-ed as he was, and able to come out with something as simple and as

vital as what he gave us. I've been traveling the world now calling it the gospel according to Rodney King. He stopped the riot. He could've well said, "Burn it down." You couldn't blame him if he did. But he found a deep well of humanity that he was willing to share with us.

That speech of his went on for several minutes, and it's a very complicated experience to watch it. He's obviously addled, but it's miraculous that he could speak at all.

Oh yeah, and people were dying in the streets, in his name. In his name. Everybody's out there screaming, "This is for you. This is for you, Rodney King." He took that personally. He took that burden on. That was the weight, I think, that really took him to the bottom of that pool.

Extraordinary weight for anybody to carry. Just one death, let alone 56. He's sitting up there watching it on TV with the rest of us thinking, "Damn. If I hadn't been drunk driving that night, none of this would have happened."

That speech upset a lot of people at the time. I understand that in the show you quote from the Willie D song "Rodney K," which states the objection very plainly. Even just the phrase, "Can we all just get along," has been-

You just misquoted it.

Yeah. It's not "just." There's no "just" there. That's important because "just" is a

Right. Of course. "Can we all get along?"

Then he says at the end, we can get along. It's very important. Often misquoted.

And thereby undermined.

I thought it was important that I give that other perspective from Willie D, who says very succinctly: "Fuck Rodney King. I don't want to see this guy on TV crying. I don't want to see him in a mode of forgiveness. This is guerrilla warfare that we're engaged in right now, and he's not helping the cause.' At least that's what he says in the rap. Those are really the two narrative bookends of the piece. Willie D at the beginning, and then Rodney King at the end—the entire speech and then in between, the interrogation.

Does that interrogation reflect where you were at during that period?

Well, also where we all were at. Rodney King became this kind of seed, media seed. Mass media consumed him in a certain way. He went viral before viral was viral. As I say in the piece, he was the first reality TV star.

He was. People consumed him all over the world, rewinding him until he became nothing but this symbol of something. But then his name and his image have come up in really weird moments. Like, he was on Celebrity Rehab with Dr. Drew. He did celebrity boxing where he fought an ex-cop in Philadelphia. He was supposed to fight one of the cops who beat him. The cop who stepped down; he didn't do it. Then you'd see him pop up on, for example, BET comedy hour, where he's introduced from the audience in a really weird moment in which he stood up and acknowledged the audience's response in really good, self-deprecating humor. He became kind of a mini-celebrity almost.

Then on the 20th anniversary of the riot, he comes out with a book. He's doing a book tour, speaking engagements, people are welcoming him, applauding him, asking him questions and what have you. Then before you know it, it's Father's Day and he's at the bottom of his pool. His death was not an anonymous one because eventually the autopsy came out, and it was revealed what was in his system, and what had happened on that night. None of it was flattering.

Hearing you talk about all this gives me a queasy sense that King's transformation from one kind of symbol to another kind of symbol is a perfectly American story, except the dimensions are all tragic.

As in any tragedy, it says as much about us as it does about the subject, because the question is: How far are we willing to go in order to consume these characters and deny them a basic dignity? Deny them a basic humanity?

This is a leap, but do you see a connection between the public's need to see people like King as characters and caricatures and our ongoing, pervasive failure as a culture to be real about the violence that's being done to them? I mean, whatever else there is to say about him, Rodney King was savagely beaten-

And the savages who beat him tried to make a savage out of him. That was their whole argument in court. That he had superhuman strength. They felt that he was on PCP—which the toxicology report disproved. I mean, we saw the same sort of testimony in Ferguson. We continue to see this kind of dehumanization of victims in order to approve or validate their beating, their degradation. How do you degrade someone? Well first of all, you have to dehumanize them and make the world feel that they are somehow worthy of the gun, the bullet, the noose, the machete, the tear gas, whatever weapon it is, the Confederate flag staff. Whatever weapon you

Again, we go back to the gospel of Rodney King, which is kind of miraculous considering what he did go through, and what he would continue to go through.

Among many other things, it seems like a never-ending well of possibilities for a show like this.

Yeah, it's biblical. ■

Read a longer version of this interview at

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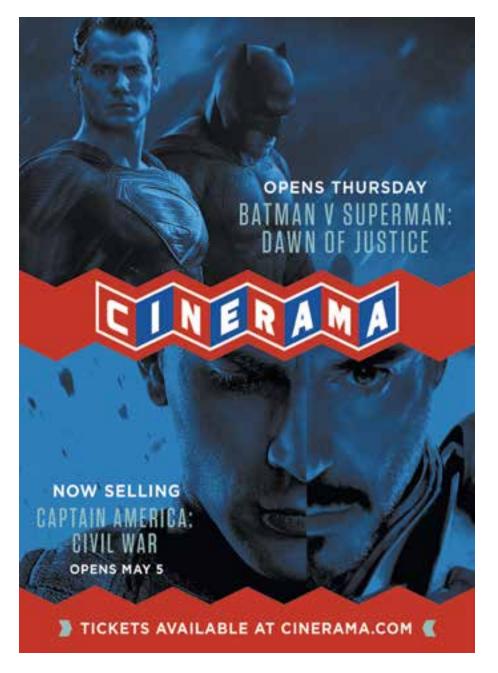
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CITY OF GOLD Get a receipt!

Jonathan Gold Is Not a Great White Explorer Discovering LA's Ethnic Food

City of Gold

dir. Laura Gabbert

Seven Gables

stensibly, City of Gold is a documentary portrait of Jonathan Gold, the Los Angeles Times writer who, over the course of 30 years of exploring the lesser-known cui-

sines and cultures of LA, became the country's most beloved and respected food critic. Because Gold writes about the restaurant meals

ordinary people eat every day, director Laura Gabbert follows him around Los Angeles doing ordinary, everyday things.

As Gold points out his favorite tacos through the driver's side window of his pickup truck, eats spoonfuls of Southern Thai curry at Jitlada restaurant, and walks hand-in-hand with his daughter through a museum, a picture of him emerges: a writer, a father, and a husband who is endearingly empathetic, nerdy, and human. Gold is a Pulitzer Prize-winning critic, but he's also a chronic procrastinator whose laptop

keyboard is missing its "E" key.

As the film progresses, another portrait emerges, this one of Gold's beloved native city. A self-proclaimed "culinary ge-

ographer," Gold logs more than 20,000 miles a year in his truck, traversing the vast grid of Los Angeles, navigating the enclaves

of its nearly 20 million residents. He manages to tame its almost unfathomable scale into something that might be comprehended through Oaxacan mole, Ethiopian doro wat, and Szechuan toothpick lamb. He maps how immigrant culture has defined, and continues to define, what Los Angeles looks like—and how it tastes.

Gold's written words play a prominent role in the film. His reviews are read aloud over scenes of line cooks sweating over hot woks and families pushing strollers down streets in the sweltering midday sun. Even if you've

read Gold's reviews before, hearing them allows you to experience and appreciate them anew: the always approachable yet surprising prose, the way he draws equally from art, music, history, and literature. While his democratic approach to food is what he is most known for, it is actually Gold's quiet, dogged insistence that food is equal to these other fields that distinguishes his work most.

Gabbert gives a substantial amount of screen time to people such as Genet Agonafer, Roy Choi, Bricia Lopez, and Tui Sungkamee and Jazz Singsanong—chefs and restaurateurs whose businesses and lives were positively impacted by Gold's work. It's moving to see and hear these stories, but with each one, it becomes increasingly uncomfortable to watch various brown people say, over and over, that Jonathan Gold, who is white, essentially saved them from something.

By approaching Gold with only affection, and using interviews with writers and editors who praise his ability to make the "exotic" and "ethnic" familiar, Gabbert reinforces a well-established but dangerous media narrative that Gold is bestowing value upon or legitimizing traditional foods and cultures. It's an idea he dismisses.

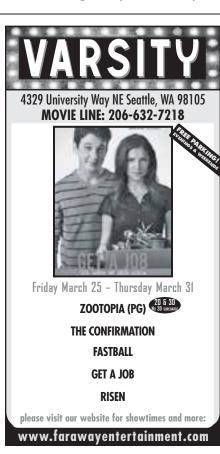
"I don't think of what I do as legitimizing [them] at all," Gold told me over the phone. "The idea of being the great white explorer giving value to noble savages—I totally reject that. I never use the word 'ethnic' to describe these restaurants, because using 'ethnic' means there's an idea of an 'other.' It means that you are from a superior culture looking in, and that's just not true at all."

Gold is methodically and insatiably curious. His home is filled with culinary history books, and he's been known to visit a restaurant as many as 17 times. He thrills in the discovery of a new dish or cuisine, but not nearly as much as he does when he begins to truly understand it.

For such a loving portrait of a man and a city, City of Gold is also tinged with a somber undercurrent. When a city is composed of so many disparate parts and communities, wondrous cultural overlaps emerge, but so too do fault lines and misunderstanding.

"I can't tell you how much I love Los Angeles," sighs Gold in one of the film's final, transfixing scenes. Suddenly, it's clear that Jonathan Gold needs the restaurants of Los Angeles—the people, their food, and their stories—as much as they need him, maybe even more.



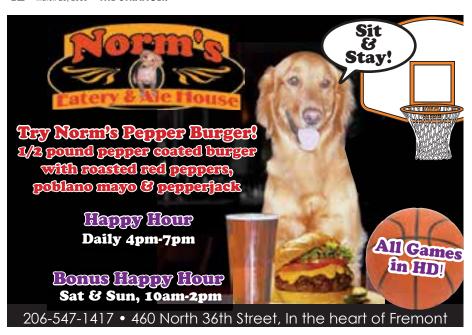
















REQUIEM FOR THE AMERICAN DREAM $Still\ Chomsky\ after\ all\ these\ years.$

Noam Chomsky Tells It Like It Is in Requiem for the American Dream

BY CHARLES MUDEDE

American Dream

dir. Peter D. Hutchison.

Kelly Nyks, Jared P. Scott

Grand Illusion

n this documentary, which is short (73 minutes), Noam Chomsky, who is old (and like Bernie Sanders, a progressive white Jewish male), conducts the complex story of rising inequality in the United States into a flow of thought that is as limpid as one of those streams that form as ice is melt-Requiem for the ing in the spring.

Not everything Chomsky says is correct, however. He does make some mistakes, and he also has a touch too much

nostalgia for the New Deal era. But for the most part, the ideas and insights that flow out of his mouth (so clear, so simple, so thoughtful) square with reality.

Requiem for the American Dream, which has lots of gorgeous images and a score that's fitting for a spy thriller, is organized into chapters, each of which contains a defining concept. For example, one concept concerns solidarity,

which Chomsky sees in anthropological terms. For him, solidarity is as natural as our hair, our teeth, our eyes. It is our species-being. if I may borrow and bend a bit an expression coined long ago by a young Karl Marx.

What is solidarity? It is, for one, our Social

Security program, which basically comes down to this: a sum of money going from those who can live without it to those who can't. But this is not how the super-rich like to do things; they are hard-

core individualists and want to live in a society that is dominated by those kinds of values. As a consequence, when the super-rich attack a socialist program like Social Security, they must also attack what it means to be a human. We are the solidarity animal. Chomsky says this in his own lucid words. As for the super-rich? Chomsky does not say what kind of animal they are. Maybe they aren't even from Earth. ■





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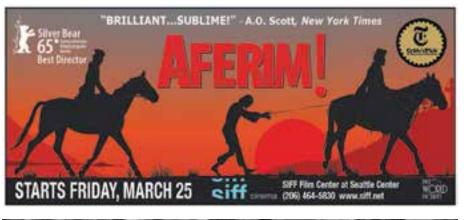
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Taste-Testing the Hamburgers at Six New Seattle Restaurants

The Places I Tried Were Heyday, Two Doors Down, CaliBurger, Seven Beef, Bateau, and Bramling Cross

BY ANGELA GARBES

he hamburger is an American culinary icon. You don't need me to tell you that, though. They're everywhere, from fast-food chains to pubs to upscale restaurants (but mostly fast-food joints). The Burger King

Whopper Jr. has been my favorite burger since childhood—the flame-broiled smokiness, bite of

raw onion, and sweet, creamy commingling of ketchup and mayonnaise get me every time—and it always will be.

"The hamburger matters precisely because it is a universally understood food," wrote the late, meat-loving food writer Josh Ozersky in his book The Hamburger: A History. "Because the burger has a kind of inevitability to it, it is a gastronomic endpoint, like sashimi or a baked potato. Its basic design cannot be improved upon."

But that doesn't mean that seemingly endless variations cannot or will not be foisted upon the hamburger for the rest of time. Since last summer, a spate of new burger options has emerged throughout the city, ranging from casual, wax-paper-wrapped sandwiches to creative reimaginings with unexpected flavors to reverential treatments made with high-quality beef and other ingredients.

Many Washingtonians complain about the absence of California institution In-N-Out Burger. It remains to be seen if one will ever come, but in the $meantime \ {\bf CaliBurger}, \ an \ unapologetic$ In-N-Out copycat in the University District, is here to help. "Ask about our secret menu!" a sign cheerfully instructs you, allowing you to order your burger "Cali style," à la In-N-Out's "Animal style," with a secret Thousand Island–esque sauce, grilled onions, mustard, and pickles. A made-to-order Cali style cheeseburger (\$4.25) was satisfying but not great—the patty felt a little floppy and lacked any good char. But the Cali style fries (\$3.99)—twicefried and smothered in melted, golden American cheese, a mountain of dark diced onions, and a wide pool of pink, secret sauce—were fantastic.

On the edge of the Central District and Madison Valley, family-friendly Two Doors Down, from the same owners of the neighborhood favorite BottleNeck Lounge, serves burgers made from regionally sourced, hormone- and antibiotic-free beef. (This

being Seattle, there are, of course, plenty of vegan and gluten-free options as well.) Choices range from a classic burger with "secret sauce" to a banh mi burger topped with sriracha-lime mayo and daikon radish slaw. The green chile burger (\$9) is loaded with caramelized onions and a green chile cream cheese (an homage to our famous Seattle hot dogs?) on a springy brioche bun. It was oozy and delicious, though I found myself wanting

flavor (especially the hazelnut romesco sauce), though the bacon in the patty had not been ground finely enough, which made for just a bit more heat. an oddly textured burger. I was surprised to Over in Mount Baker, Heyday, another be so captivated by the Beety Bean burger family-friendly neighborhood spot, serves (\$10), a lovely magenta veggie patty made in-

The smoky lamb burger (\$13) had great





 $\textbf{BURGERS} \ Bramling \ Cross \ (top) \ and \ CaliBurger \ (bottom).$

burgers made from grass-fed beef and a wide variety of other proteins, including a bison burger that comes with grilled apple and a drizzle of maple syrup. (Seattle's fondness for Vietnamese food is evident here as well in the Saigon burger, made with beef, pork, and shrimp.) The menu, created by chef Melissa Nyffeler (formerly of Dinette), has such a compelling and creative exuberance to it that I found myself drawn to its non-beef options.

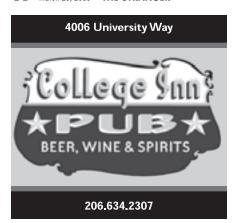
house from beets, beans, mushrooms, nuts, and brown rice. While I hesitate to call it a burger, it was terrific for what it was-moist and crumbly, earthy and sweet. Topped with sharp white cheddar and creamy mashed avocado, it was almost like a savory dessert that, against all odds, worked.

The ubiquity of the burger means it's no longer relegated to quick-service and casual spots. Even Seattle's latest high-end steak ▶















◆houses, Capitol Hill's Bateau and Seven Beef, both of which specialize in impeccably sourced beef, feel compelled to offer a version.

At Bateau, chef and owner Renee Erickson is endeavoring to serve grass-fed beef from cows raised on the Whidbey Island farm owned by her restaurant group Sea Creatures. The beef is butchered and dry-aged at the restaurant (a window in the dining room offers a glimpse of massive sides of sinewy beef hanging on large hooks, their flavor concentrating into something deep and almost gamey). So it's no surprise that the Bateau burger (\$17), dressed with sweet onion jam and garlicky aioli, tastes incredible—dark and intensely beefy.

What I wasn't expecting, though, was for the burger to be an object lesson (and master class) in the kitchen's obsessive dedication to texture. The patty, which is cooked on a

The Bateau burger is an object lesson (and master class) in the kitchen's obsessive dedication to texture.

scorchingly hot plancha, develops a crackly crust on each side-with the first bite, you might find yourself momentarily worried that it's been overcooked. But then your teeth and tongue meet the buttery, rare beef in its center and you realize that the burger—and the universe—is, for once, exactly as it should be. Even the airy semolina bun, baked in-house by pastry chef Clare Gordon, is a crucial component: It's made with cornmeal, which gives every bite a satisfying, gritty crunch that enhances the eating experience. Each half of the bun is also toasted in a hot pan and lacquered in fat, adding even more richness and texture. It's enough to make you forget (or not even care) that there are steaks on the menu.

At Seven Beef, owners Eric and Sophie Banh (Monsoon, Ba Bar) and chef Scott Emerick receive sides of grass-fed cows from Heritage Meats in Rochester, Washington, which they break down into familiar steaks like T-bones and rib eyes, but also lesserknown cuts like the oyster, mock tender, and zabuton. The Seven Beef burger (\$16) is given a decadent treatment of deeply caramelized onions, aioli, and Gruyère cheese. I had high expectations, but was disappointed when I was served a nearly well-done burger that was overwhelmingly dry and absent any noticeable amount of aioli. Within a menu dominated by steaks that cost up to \$135, the burger felt—and tasted—like an afterthought. (During the same meal, I had an excellent steak tartare accompanied by a creamy celery-root salad. I'll be back to eat more beef, but I'll pass on the burger from here on out.)

Over in Ballard at Bramling Cross, a gastropub from restaurant juggernaut Ethan Stowell, the Bramling Burger (\$16) is truly great. Chef Travis Post cooks a thick, juicy patty to perfect rosy-centered medium rare. It leaks oily, beefy juices and, with every bite, becomes a delightful mess to eat. The moist potato bun, lovingly marked on the grill, absorbs much of this richness. It's dressed with shredded iceberg lettuce, crunchy housemade pickles, white American cheese that's packed with salty crystals, and, of course, an In-N-Out-esque "secret sauce."

The sauce is a dream: pink and creamy, tangy and sweet, but with just a bit of extra depth and smoke. It's a perfect amalgam of ketchup, mayo, mustard, pickles, and nostalgia. Even the fanciest burgers can't front on the best of fast food. ■

LOCAL VENUES • GLOBAL MENUS









FREE WILL ASTROLOGY

BY ROB BREZSNY

For the Week of March 23

ARIES (March 21-April 19): When Orville and Wilbur Wright were kids, their father gave them a toy helicopter powered by a rubber band. The year was 1878. Twenty-five years later, the brothers became the first humans to sail above the earth in a flying machine. They testified that the toy helicopter had been a key inspiration as they worked to develop their pioneering invention. I invite you to revive your connection to a seminal influence from your past. The coming weeks will be a favorable time to feed a dream that was foreshadowed in you a long time ago.

TAURUS (April 20-May 20): "The task of a writer is not to solve the problem but to state the problem correctly," said Russian write Anton Chekhov. Whether or not you're a writer, Taurus, that is also your special task in the coming weeks. The riddle that has begun to captivate your imagination is not yet ripe enough for you to work on in earnest. It has not been defined with sufficient clarity. Luckily, you have the resources you need to research all the contingencies, and you have the acuity to come up with a set of empowering questions.

GEMINI (May 21–June 20): The good news is that if you eat enormous amounts of chocolate, you will boost your memory. Science has proved it. The bad news is that in order to get the full effect of the memory enhancement, you would have to consume so much choco late that you would get sick. Is it possible you're doing things that are healthy for you in one way but that diminish you in another? Or are you perhaps getting or doing too much of a good thing—going to unbalanced extremes as you pursue a worthy goal? Now is a favorable time to figure out if you're engaged in such behavior, and to change it if you are.

CANCER (June 21-July 22): When the young director Richard Lester got his big break, he took full advantage. It happened in 1964, when the Beatles asked him to do their first movie, A Hard Day's Night. Lester's innovative approach to the project propelled his career to a higher level that brought him many further opportunities. Writing of Lester's readiness, critic Alexander Walker said, "No filmmaker... appeared more punctually when his hour struck." That's what I hope you will soon be doing in your own chosen field, Cancerian. Do you understand how important it will be to have impeccable timing? No procrastination or hemming and hawing, please. Be crisply proactive.

LEO (July 23-Aug 22): As a young man, the poet Arthur Rimbaud (1854-1891) left his home in France and settled in Abyssinia, which these days is known as Ethiopia. "I sought voyages," he wrote, "to disperse the enchantments that had colonized my mind." You might want to consider a similar strategy in the coming weeks, Leo. From an astrological perspective, it's going to be an excellent time both to vander free of your usual haunts and to disperse the enchantments that have colonized your mind. Why not find ways to synergize these two opportunities?

VIRGO (Aug 23-Sept 22): At one point in his life, author C.S. Lewis had a rude awakening as he took stock of the progress he thought he had been making. "I am appalled to see how much of the change I thought I had undergone lately was only imaginary," he wrote. want to make sure that something similar doesn't happen to you, Virgo. You're in the midst of what should be a Golden Age of Self-Transformation. Make sure you're actually doing the work that you imagine you're doing—and not just talking about it and thinking about it.

LIBRA (Sept 23–Oct 22): "There are questions that you don't ask because you're afraid of the answers," wrote Agatha Christie. I would add that there are also questions you don't ask because you mistakenly think you already know the answers. And then there are questions you don't ask because their answers would burst your beloved illusions, which you'd retains a lister answers would burst your beloved illustors, which you drather preserve. I'm here to urge you to risk posing all these types of questions, Libra. I think you're strong enough and smart enough, and in just the right ways, to deal constructively with the answers. I'm not saying you'll be pleased with everything you find out. But you will ultimately be glad you finally made the inquiries.

SCORPIO (Oct 23-Nov 21): If you are enmeshed in a jumble that makes you squirm or if you are caught in a tangle that stifles your self-love, you have three choices. Here's how Eckhart Tolle defines them: (1) Get out of the situation. (2) Transform the situation. (3) Completely accept the situation. ation. Does that sound reasonable, Scorpio? I hope so, because the time has come to act. Don't wait to make your decision. Do it soon. After that, there will be no whining allowed. You can no longer indulge in excuses. You must accept the consequences. On the bright side, imagine the new freedom and power you will have at your disposal.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov 22-Dec 21): Here's a proposed experiment. Sidle SAGITARIUS (Nov 22–Dec 21): Here's a proposed experiment. Sidle up to a creature you'd love to be closer to, and softly sing the following lyrics: "Come with me, go with me. Burn with me, glow with me. Sleep with me, wake with me." At this point, run three circles around the creature as you flap your arms like a bird's wings. Then continue your singing: "Rise with me, fall with me. Work with me, play with me. Pray with me, sin with me." At this point, leap up into the air three times plays the strength of continue with the ground. Continue unleashing a burst of laughter each time you hit the ground. Continue singing: "Let me get high with you. Laugh with you, cry with you. Make me your partner in crime." At this point, blow three kisses toward the creature, then run away. (PS: The lyrics I'm quoting here were composed by songwriter Fran Landesman.)

CAPRICORN (Dec 22-Jan 19): In getting energy from food, we humans have at our disposal more than 50,000 edible plants. And vet we choose two-thirds of our diet, and 11 other staples compose most of the rest.

Let's use this as a metaphor for the kind of behavior you should avoid in the coming weeks. I think it will be crucial for you to draw physical, emotional, and spiritual sustenance from a relatively wide variety of sources. There's nothing wrong with your usual providers, but for now you need to expand your approach to getting the nurturing you need.

Anne Michaels said that, and now I'm passing it on to you—just in time for the phase of your cycle when acting like a curious student is your sacred duty and your best gift to yourself. Your task is to presume that everyone you meet and every encounter you have may bring you rich learning experiences. If you're willing to go as far as I hope you will, even your dreams at night will be opportunities to get further educated. Even your vigils in front of the TV. Even your trips to the convenience store to buy ice cream.

PISCES (Feb 19-March 20): In her poem "Time." Piscean poet Lia Purpura wonders about "not picking up a penny because it's only a little luck." Presumably she is referring to a moment when you're walking down a street and you spy an almost-but-not-quite-worthless coin lying on the concrete. She theorizes that you may just leave it there. It adds next to nothing to your wealth, right? Which suggests that it also doesn't have much value as a symbol of good fortune. But I urge you to reject this line of thought in the coming weeks, Pisces. In my astrological opinion, you'll be wise to capitalize on the smallest opportunities. There will be plenty of them, and they will add up.







Bernie Sanders's Capitol Hill Campaign Office

Bernie Sanders campaign workers, photographed at 617 East Pike Street. TEXT BY SEAN NELSON / PHOTO BY LOU DAPRILE

Whether or not you've made up your mind about which Democrat you're going to caucus for this weekend, only the most ultra-partisan megabooster could deny that the Bernie Sanders campaign has successfully tapped the vein of Seattle's preference for candidates with uncompromising hard-liberal rhetoric. The Capitol Hill campaign office, on the heavily trafficked corner of Pike and Boylston, is a

beehive of activity, all of which, according to Washington State campaign director Dulce Saenz, is "focused on getting people to caucus for Bernie Sanders on March 26 at 10 a.m. We're making phone calls and knocking on doors, telling them about Bernie's commitment to following Seattle's lead in raising the minimum wage or his comprehensive plan to combat climate change."

CORRECTION: In the Person of Interest interview last week, Dick Falkenbury claimed that light rail trains move only 240 people at a time. In fact, standard two-car trains can hold 400 people, and Sound Transit can run four-car trains during busy times. We regret the error.



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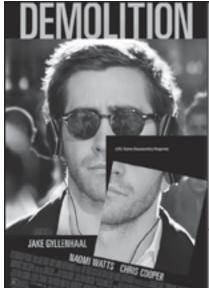
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